

10¢  
No 34  
APRIL

# FOUR

FULL  
48  
PAGES

# TEENERS



JERRY  
THE JINX



CURLY



CASH  
PRIZES  
SEE LAST  
PAGE

SORORITY SUIT



DOTTY





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





## can catch a leprechaun...

A leprechaun, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

If you can catch a leprechaun, your troubles are over.

Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

The best place to look for a leprechaun is in the woods. They're green, and only about nine inches tall, so you'll have to—

Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows.

A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches you.

And there's a much faster and easier way to get your pot of gold than by catching leprechauns.

You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds through an automatic purchase plan.

If you're employed you can sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan. If you have a bank account you can sign up for the Bond-A-Month Plan.

Either way, your pot of gold just saves itself, painlessly and automatically.

And your money increases one third every ten years. That would make a leprechaun turn even greener with envy.

## Save the easy, automatic way—with U.S. Savings Bonds

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FOUR TEENERS, April, 1948, No. 34. Published bi-monthly by A. A. Wyn, Inc. Office of Publication, 29 Worthington Street, Springfield 3, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Mass., June 28, 1941, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1948 by A. A. Wyn, Inc. Single copies 10c; 12 issues \$1.20. Please send all subscriptions and correspondence to 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Names of characters and places in this magazine are fictitious, and any similarity to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.



# SORORITY SUE



**H**ERE COMES SORORITY SUE--WHO BELIEVES THIS IS A WOMAN'S WORLD AND IS OUT TO PROVE THAT GALS CAN BEAT GUYS AT ANY GAME!

**S**UE HAS SLIPPED AWAY FROM HER OWN CAMPUS FOR A SPECIAL ERRAND TO NEARBY HALE UNIVERSITY...

BUT, BING, I TOLD MY SORORITY SISTERS YOU BOYS WOULD AGREE TO MY IDEA! IT WON'T HURT YOU TO PLAY ONE LITTLE FOOTBALL GAME WITH US!

HAVE A HEART, SUE! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU-- BUT **NOT** THAT! THE TEAM WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT, WOULD THEY, FELLAS?



WHY--WE'D LOVE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU, SUE! ANYTIME!

WOOF, WOOF-- ME, TOO!

**THERE!** NOW YOU CAN'T SAY NO, BING! HURRY UP AND SAY YES! IT'S LATE AND I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY SORORITY HOUSE!





MEANWHILE... IN SUE'S ROOM AT GAMMA GAMMA GAU SORORITY...

OF COURSE SUE VOLUNTEERED TO GO SO SHE COULD SEE BING! AND BINGIE, THE FOUR-LETTER CUTIE, ISN'T HARD TO SEE!

MEOWW! MEOWW! YOU ALWAYS WERE JEALOUS OF SUE, MARLA!



DON'T LISTEN TO THAT CAT, GIRLS! DIDN'T SUE CONVINCE US WE WERE THE EQUAL OF MEN IN *ANYTHING*? WHY SHOULDN'T OUR SCHOOL HAVE A FOOTBALL TEAM?

SHE'S PROBABLY TOO BUSY WITH BING TO MENTION THE IDEA!



HMMPH! WOULD SHE DARE TO BE OUT ON A TUESDAY NIGHT FOR A *DATE*? YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF KLATCH CAUGHT HER!

PSST-- SCATTER! KLATCH IS ON HER WAY UPSTAIRS-- THE CHECK-UP!



OH, OH-- LET ME OUT OF HERE! IF THAT OLD BUZZARD GETS SUSPICIOUS--!

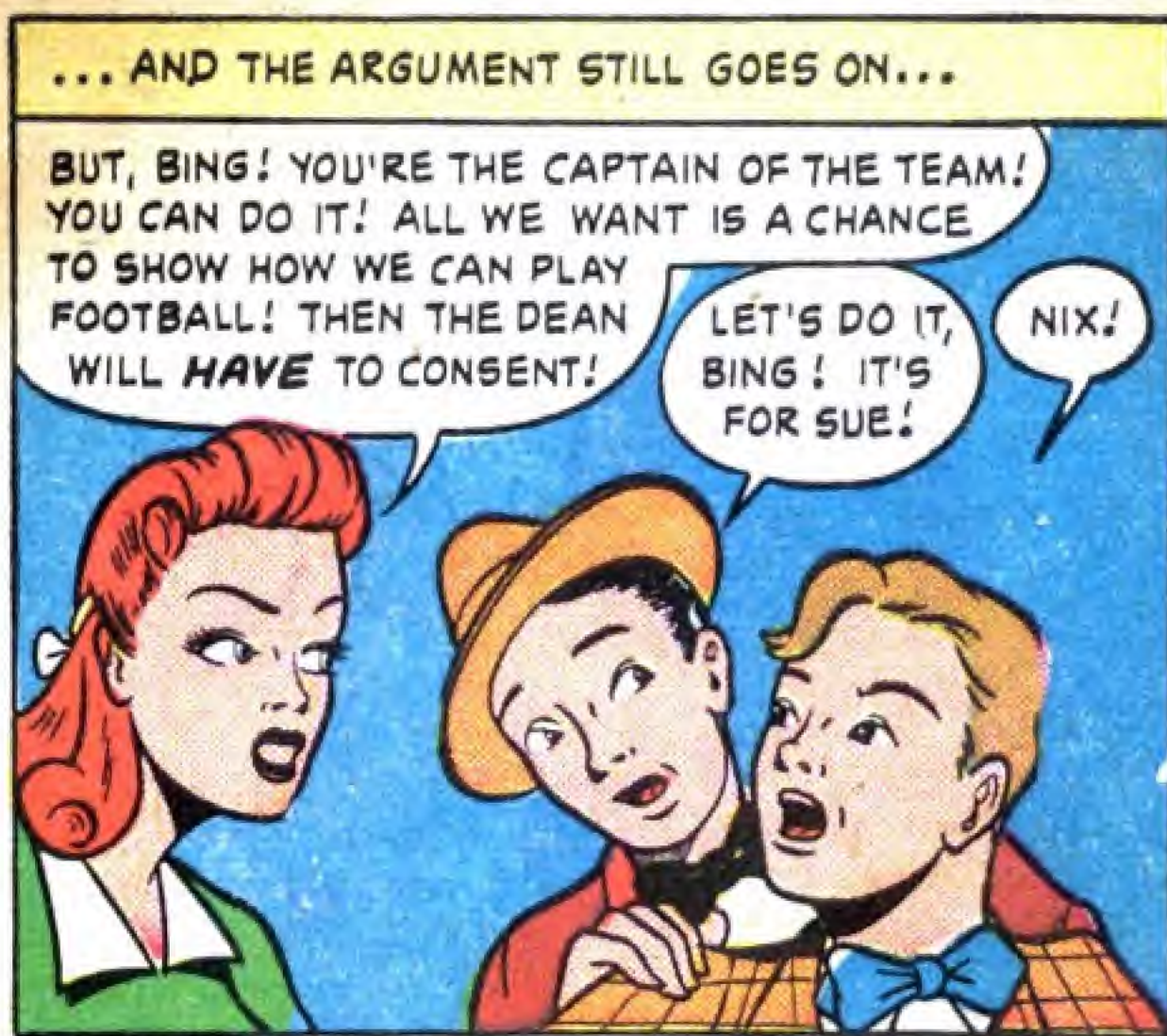
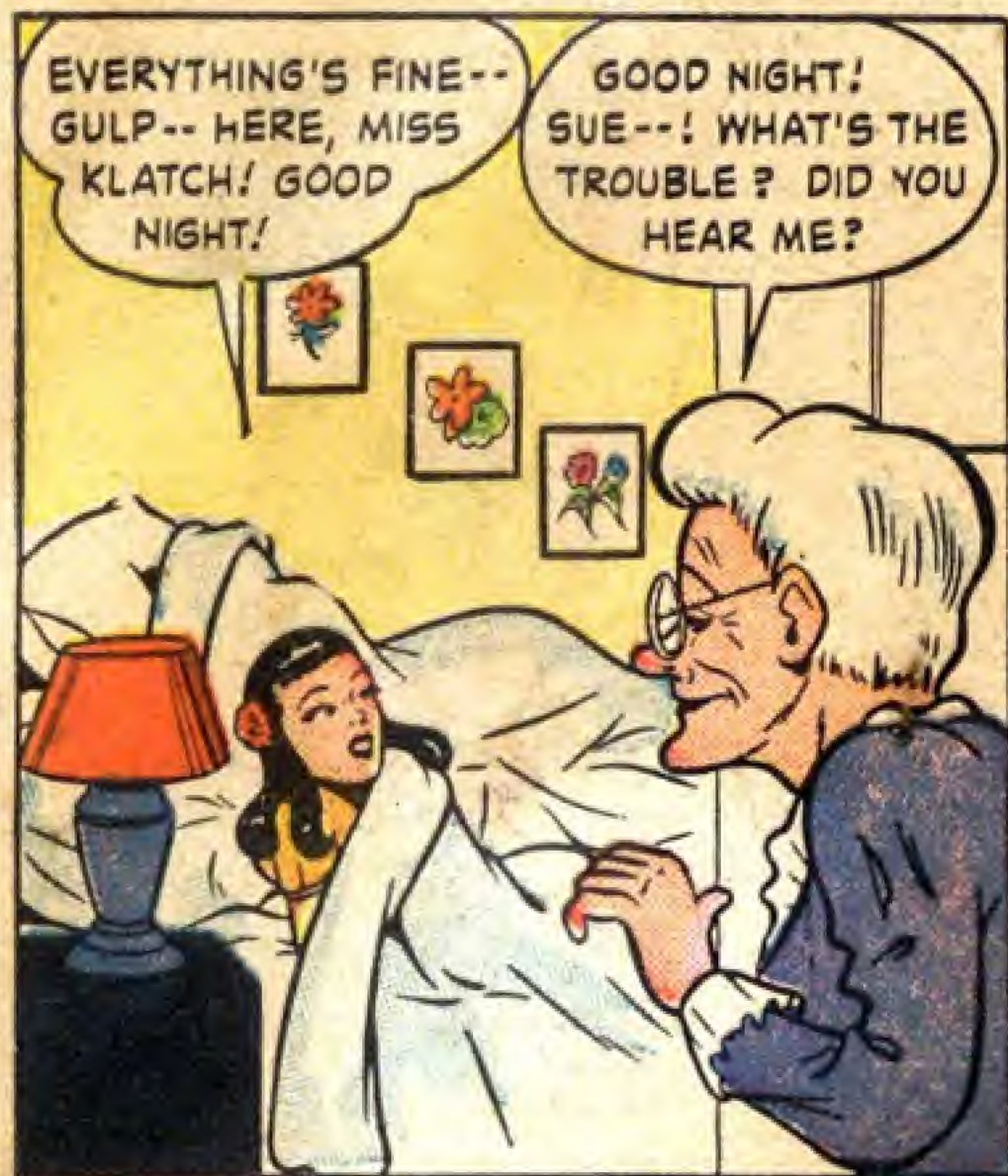
GOSH! WHAT'LL I DO ABOUT SUE'S EMPTY BED? I GOTTA DO SOMETHING! I JUST-- WAIT--!



AHH--! IT'S STILL HERE! MAYBE--!



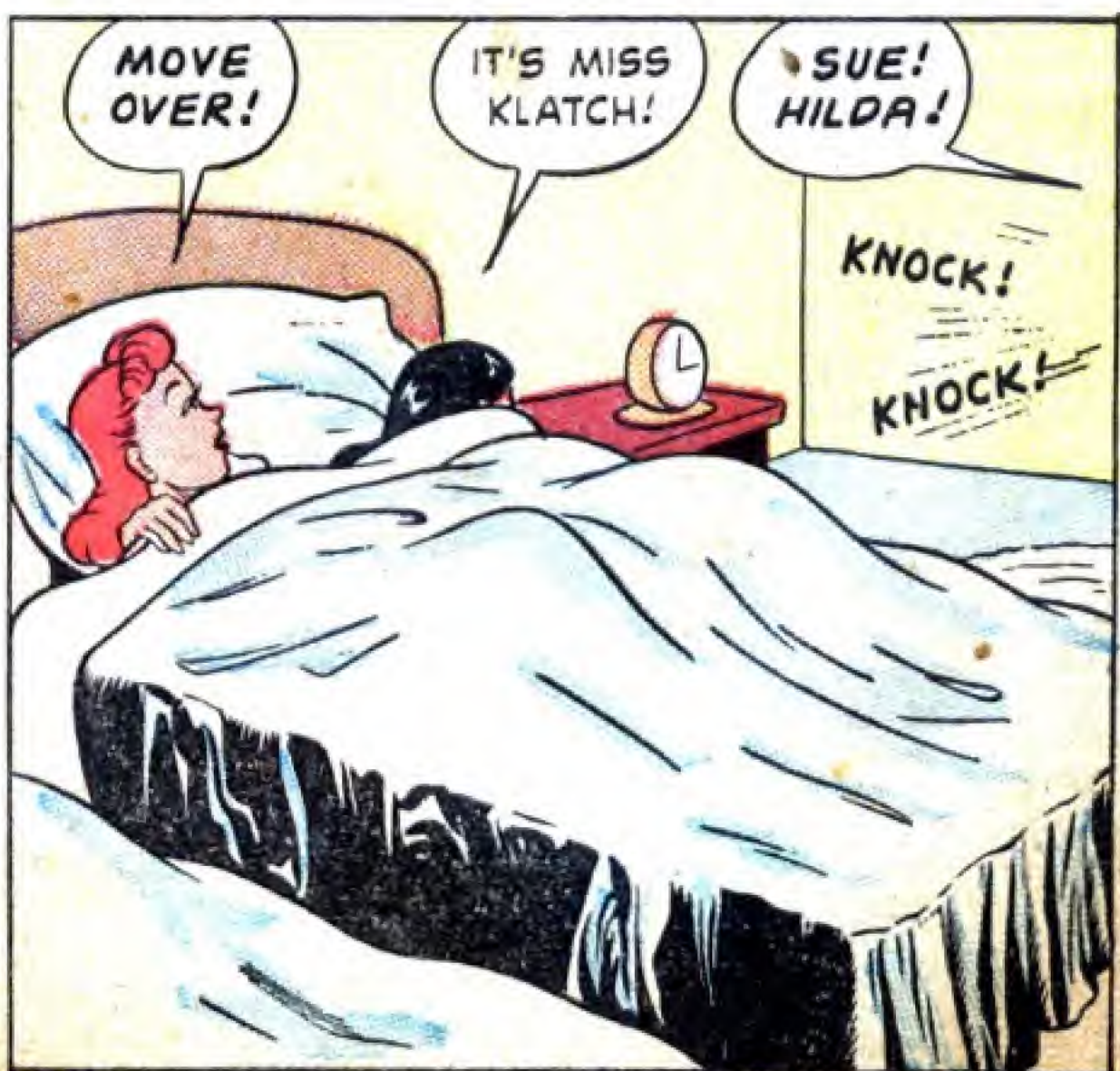
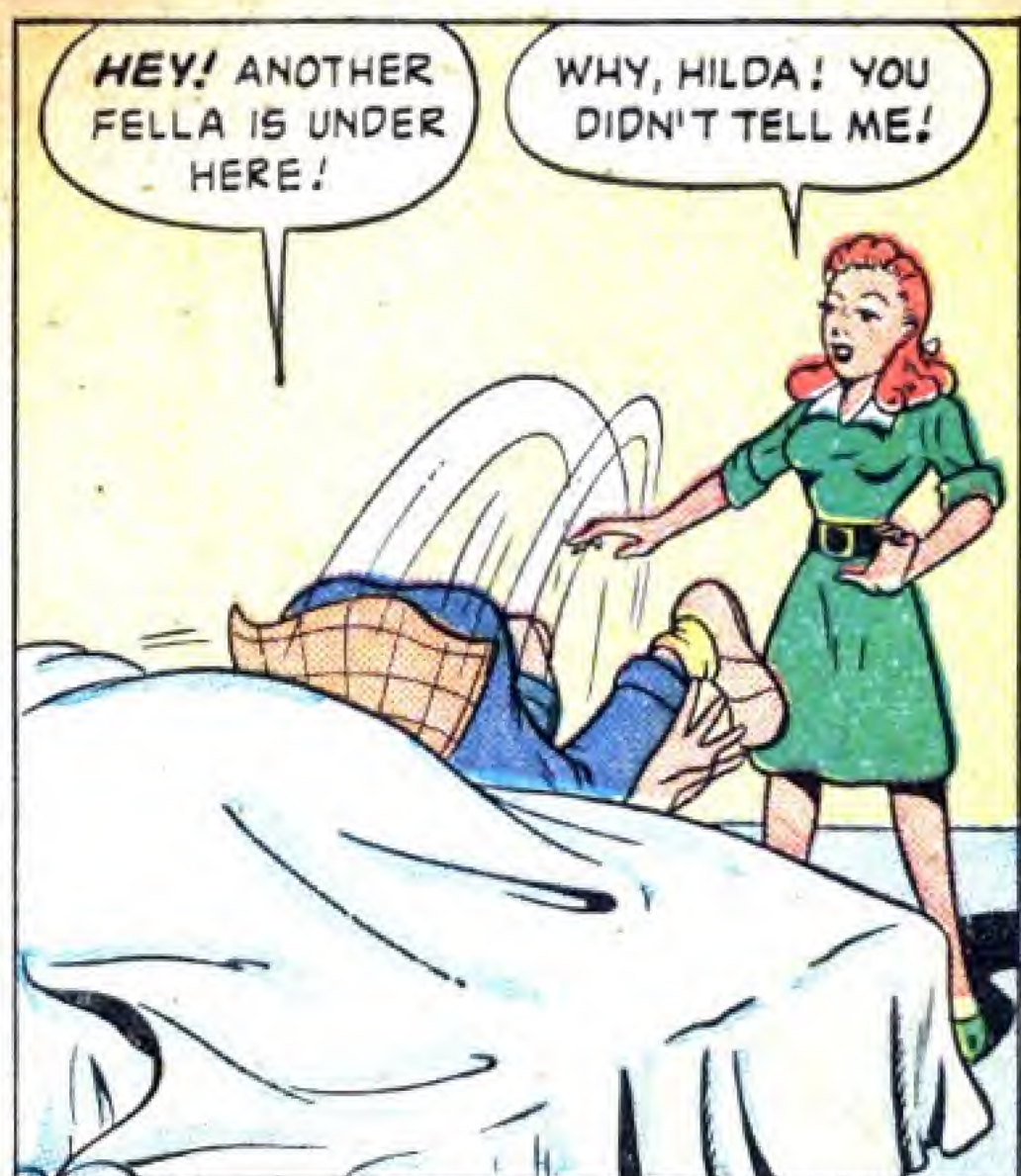
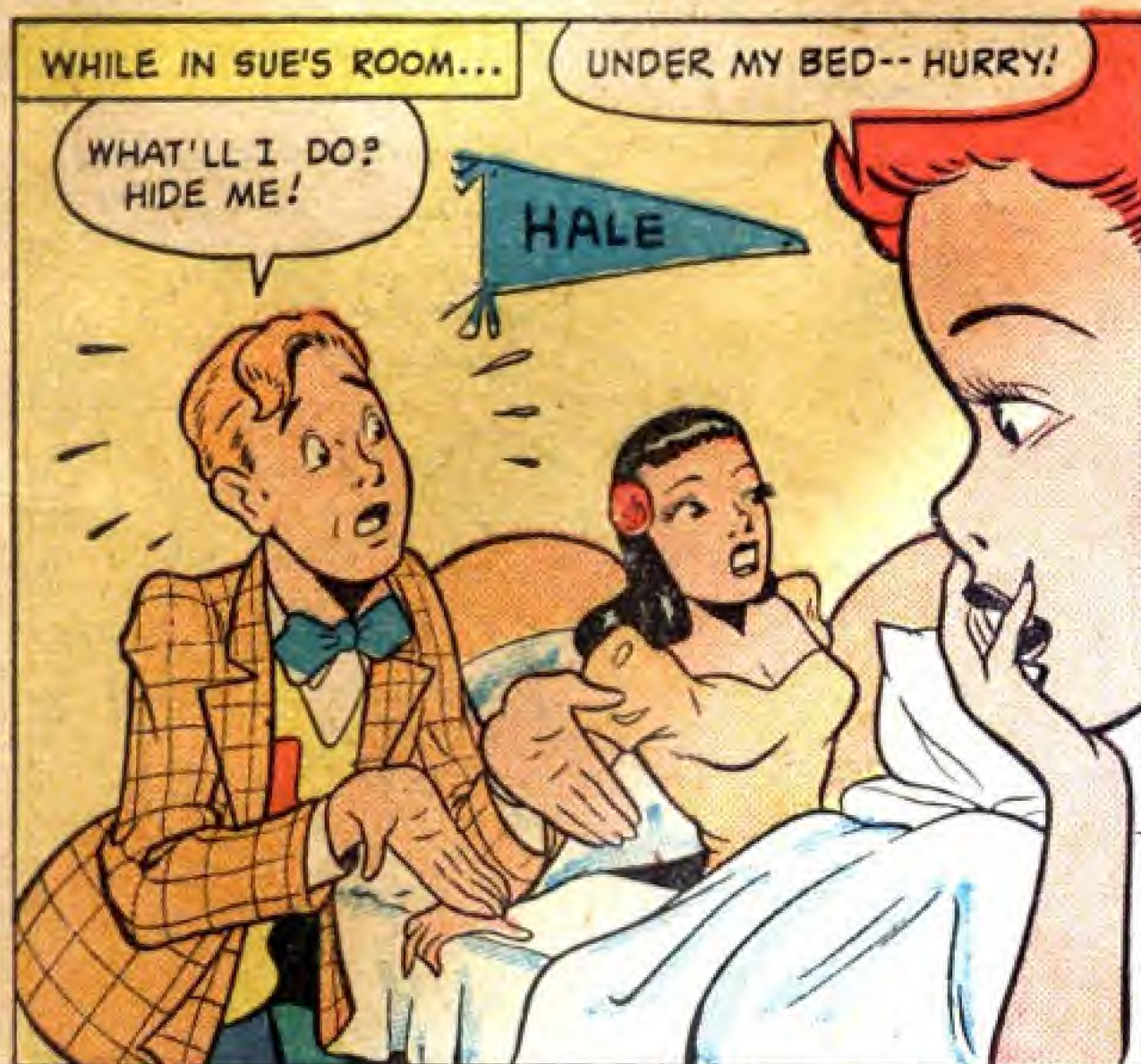
















AH, HA! WHO RAN UP THOSE STEPS A FEW MINUTES AGO?

WH-- HUH? OH, HULLO, MISS KLATCH?

WH--WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS KLATCH?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HILDA'S BED, SUE?

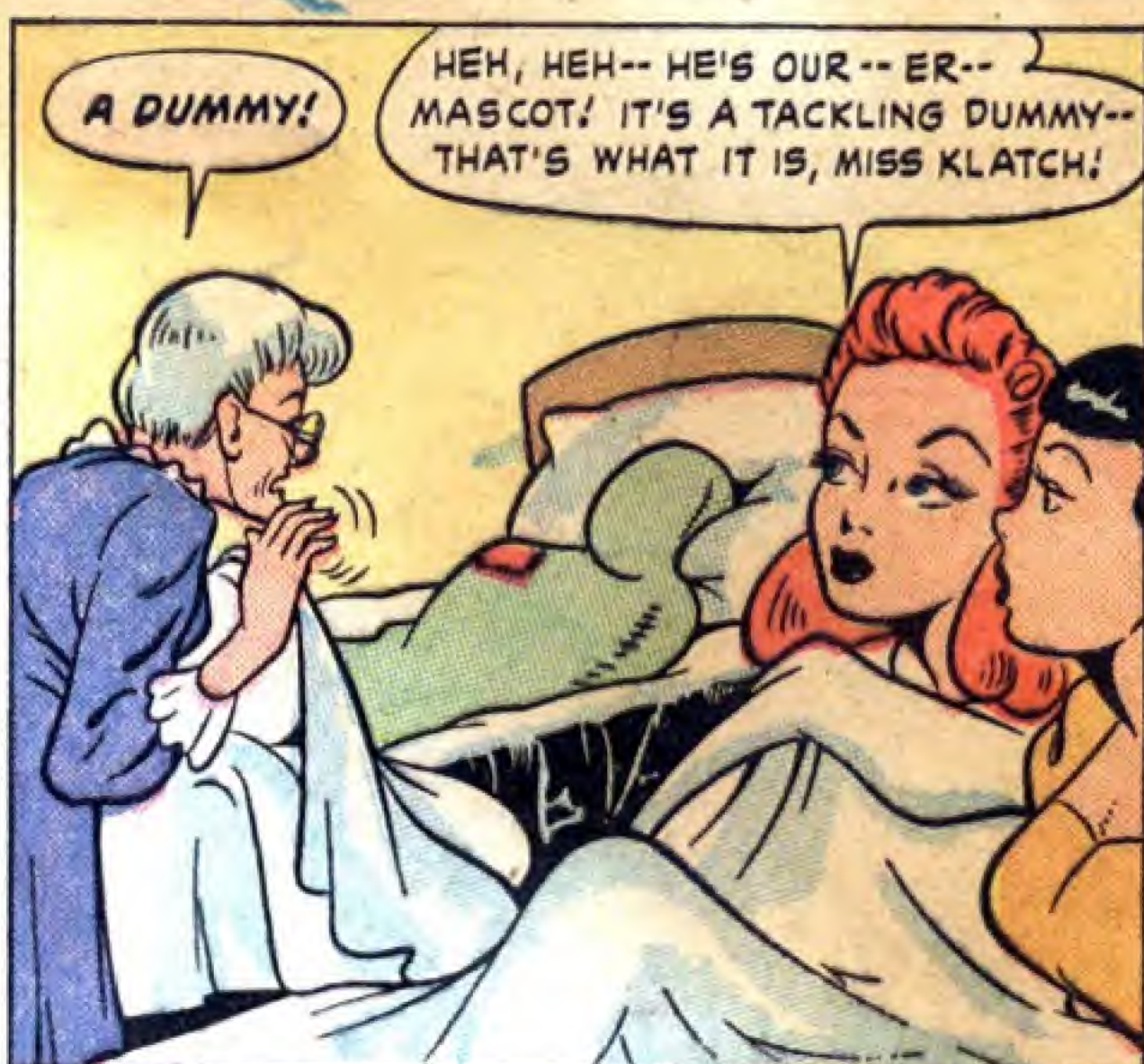
I WAS COLD-- SO--

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS KLATCH! SHE ALWAYS COMES IN MY BED WHEN SHE'S COLD! YOU SEE, I'M A LITTLE PLUMPISH, AND--!



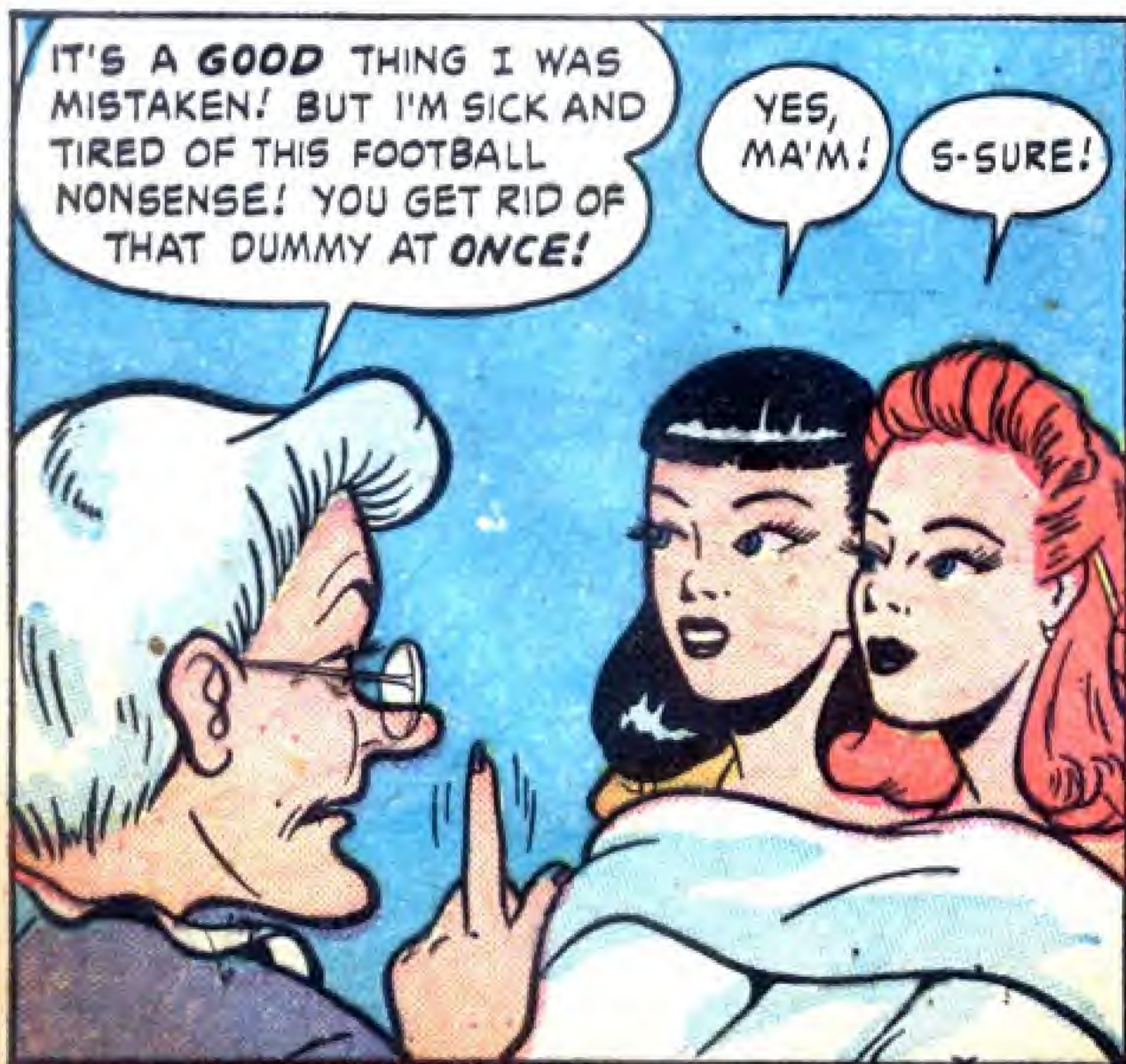
SO! THERE IS A MAN HERE?

AGHHHHH!



A DUMMY!

HEH, HEH-- HE'S OUR-- ER-- MASCOT! IT'S A TACKLING DUMMY-- THAT'S WHAT IT IS, MISS KLATCH!



IT'S A **GOOD** THING I WAS MISTAKEN! BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THIS FOOTBALL NONSENSE! YOU GET RID OF THAT DUMMY AT **ONCE**!

YES, MA'M!

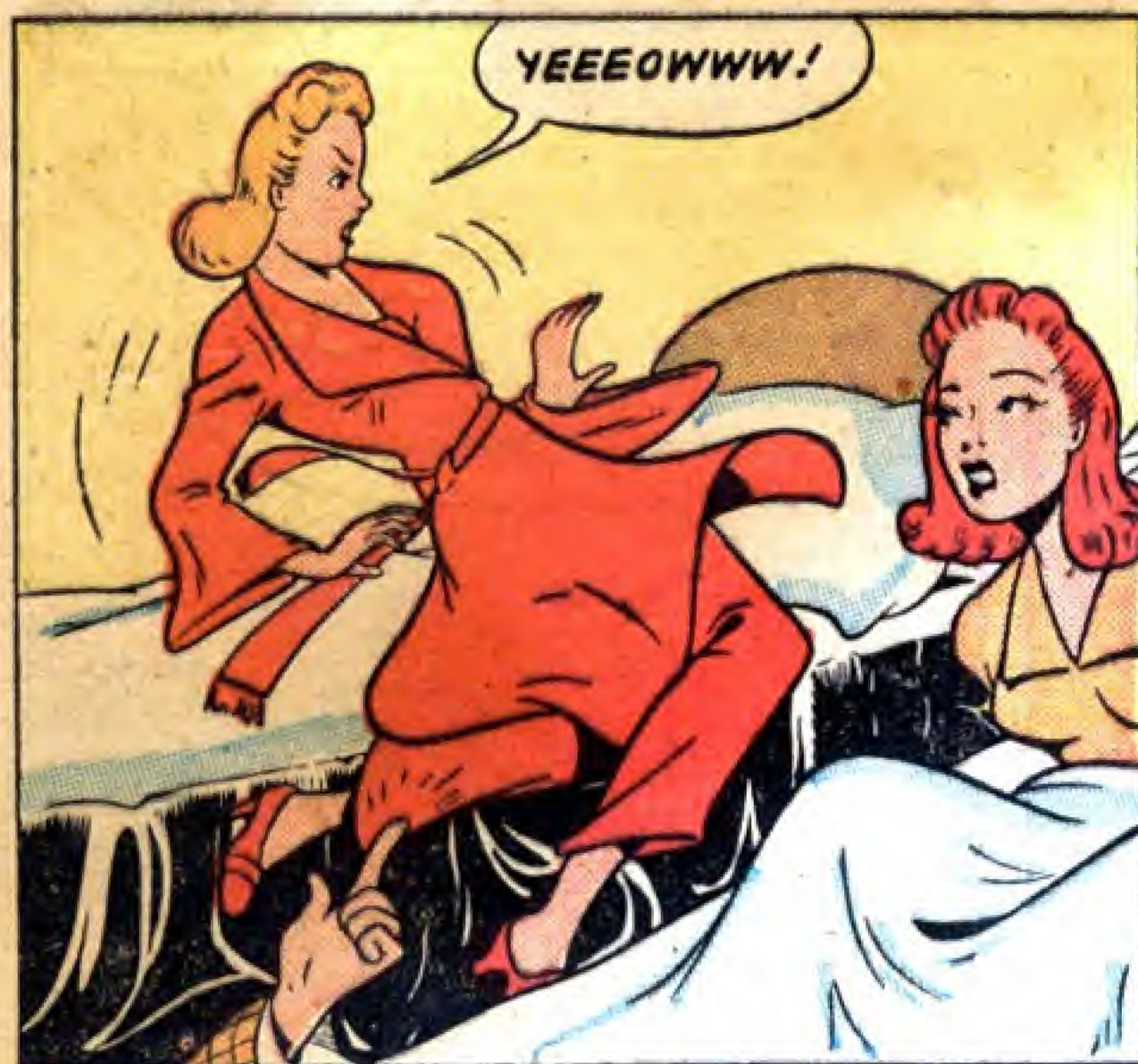
S-SURE!



WHEWWW!

MAYBE YOU CAN FOOL THAT SILLY OLD THING -- BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! **WHERE IS HE?**









SHHH--SHH--  
NO NOISE!



ULP!

EEEEEE! HALP!  
A MAN!



(GASP) I SAW IT--!  
OUT THERE--A MAN--!

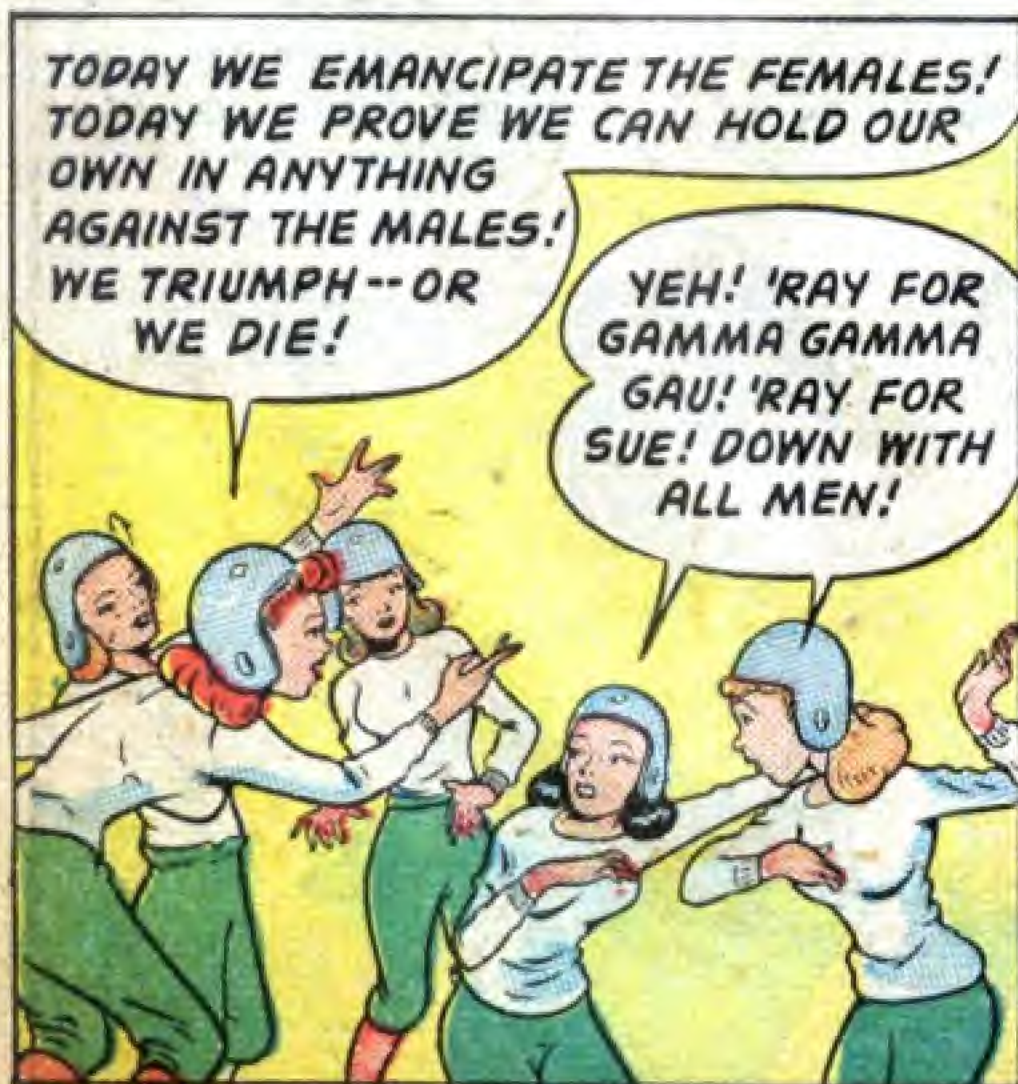
OH, NO, MISS KLATCH! YOU  
MUST BE MISTAKEN! IT  
WAS OSCAR, OUR TACKLING  
DUMMY! WE WERE LOWER-  
ING HIM TO THE GROUND!  
YOU TOLD US TO GET RID  
OF HIM--REMEMBER?



THE NEXT DAY...

BING AND HIS  
TEAM WILL BE

HERE ANY MINUTE, GIRLS!  
NOW IT'S UP TO US! WE HAVE  
TO SHOW THEM THAT WE'RE NO  
**WEAKER SEX!** ALL WOMAN-  
KIND DEPENDS ON US TODAY!  
**WE MUST TRIUMPH!**



**TODAY WE EMANCIPATE THE FEMALES!  
TODAY WE PROVE WE CAN HOLD OUR  
OWN IN ANYTHING  
AGAINST THE MALES!  
WE TRIUMPH--OR  
WE DIE!**

YEH! 'RAY FOR  
GAMMA GAMMA  
GAU! 'RAY FOR  
SUE! DOWN WITH  
ALL MEN!



MEANWHILE ... AT HALE U....

... AND SHE HAD ME IN A SPOT! I **HAD**  
TO AGREE! I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE THE  
IDEA, BUT WE CAN HANDLE THEM WITH KID  
GLOVES! NOW I WANT  
10 VOLUNTEERS!

ME!

ME, TOO!

DON'T  
FORGET  
ME!

LEAD ME  
TO THOSE  
DOLLS!  
MMM!



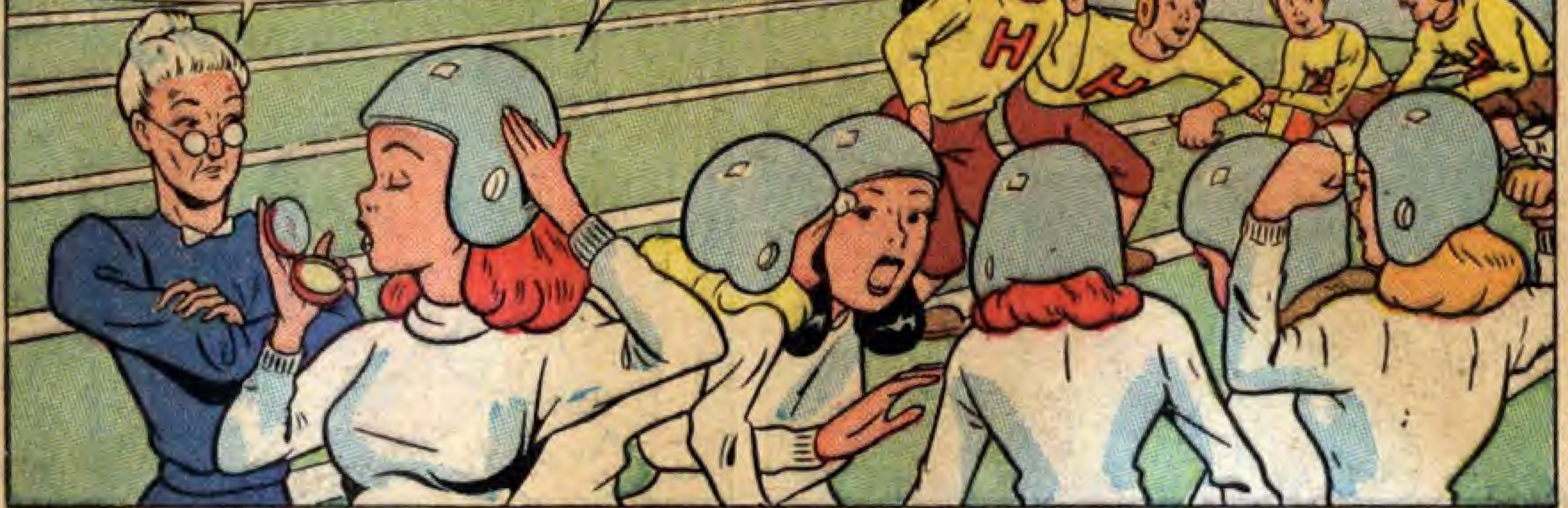
AT LONG LAST...THE TWO OPPOSING TEAMS  
LINE UP FOR THE CRUCIAL GAME...

SUE, DO YOU INSIST ON  
GOING THROUGH WITH  
THIS--ER--GAME? THE  
GIRLS MAY GET HURT!

DON'T WORRY, DEAN!  
WE'LL SHOW YOU  
WE CAN TAKE CARE  
OF OURSELVES!

YOO HOO, SUGAR!  
DON'T FORGET TO RUN  
TOWARD ME!

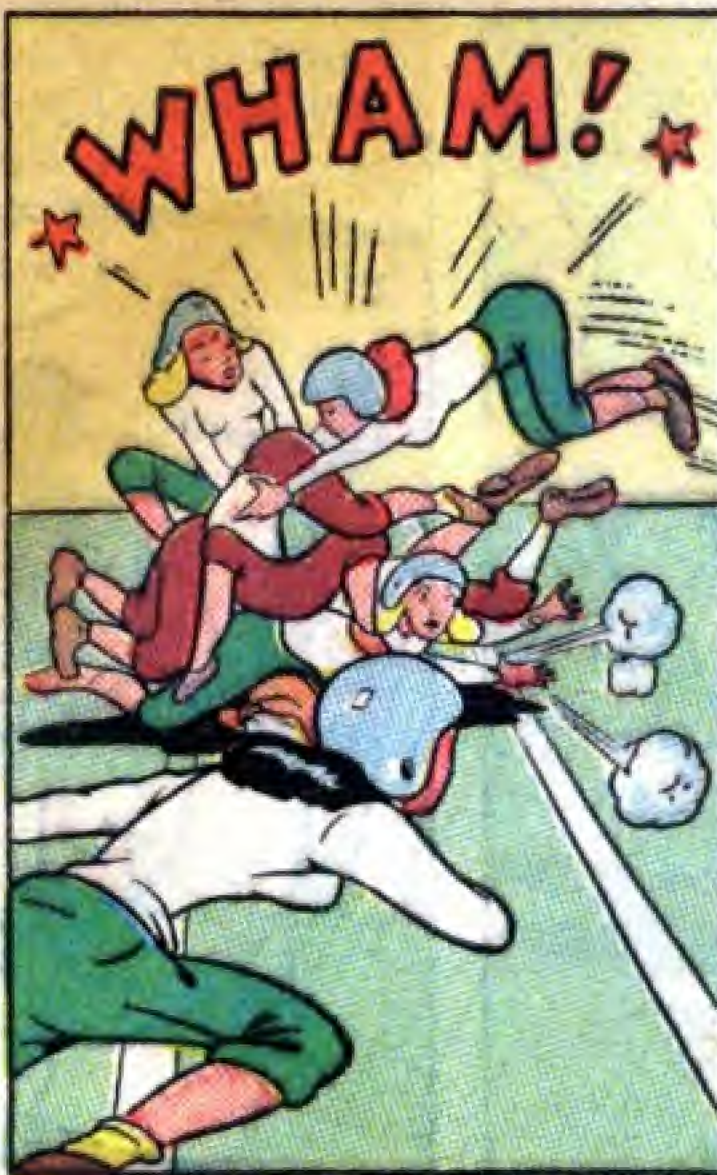
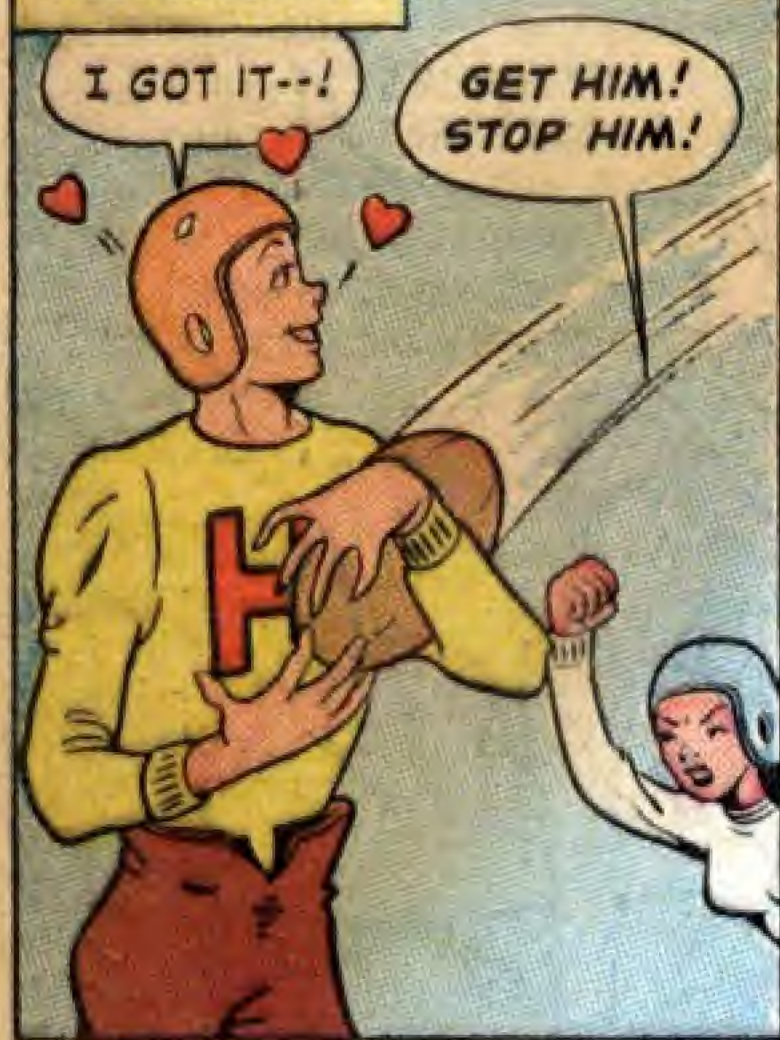
I COULD GO FOR THAT  
BLONDE GUARD IN  
A BIG WAY--AFTER  
THE GAME!



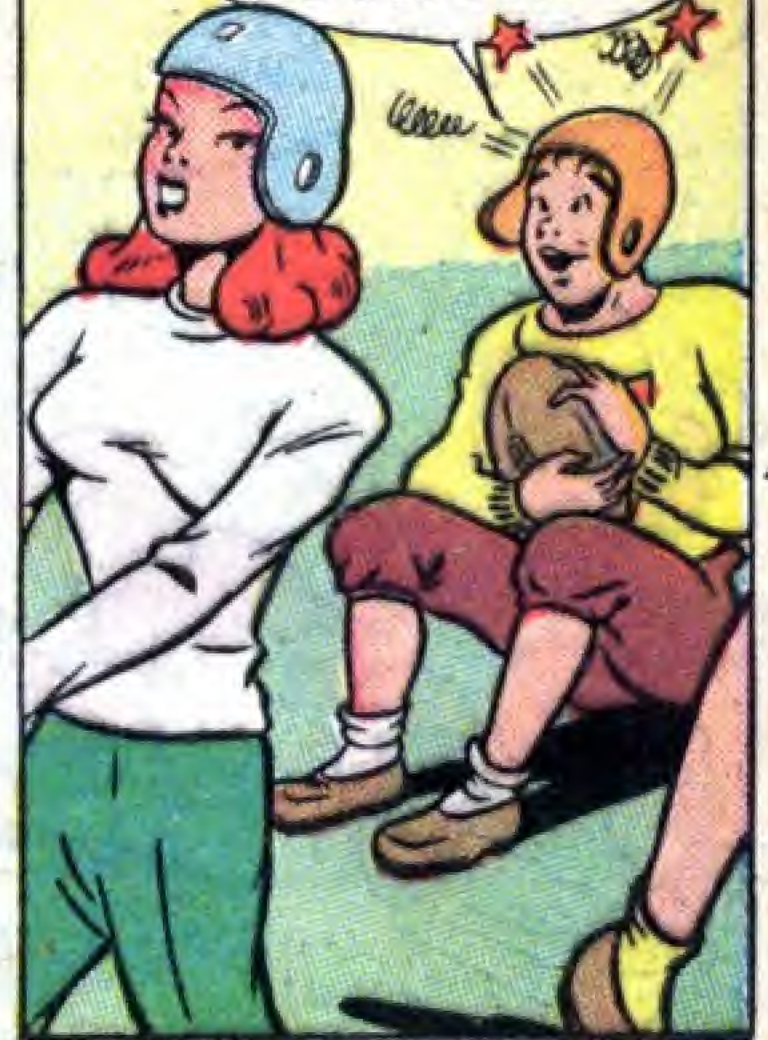
AT HALE'S FIRST PLAY AFTER  
THE KICKOFF...

I GOT IT--!

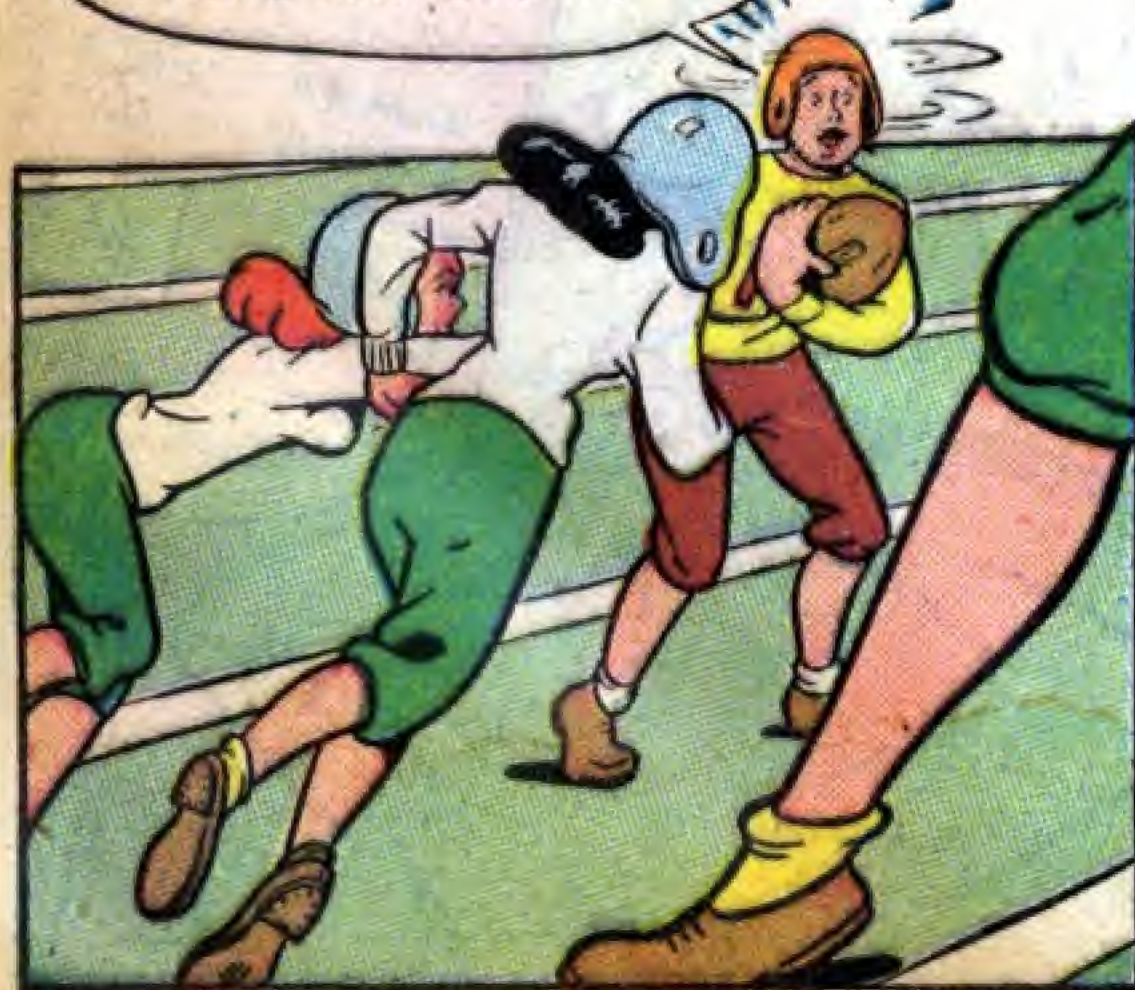
GET HIM!  
STOP HIM!



DO IT AGAIN, DARLINGS,  
I LOVE IT!



I MUST BE A POPULAR GUY!  
WHICH OF YOU HONEYS SHOULD  
I DATE FOR TONIGHT?



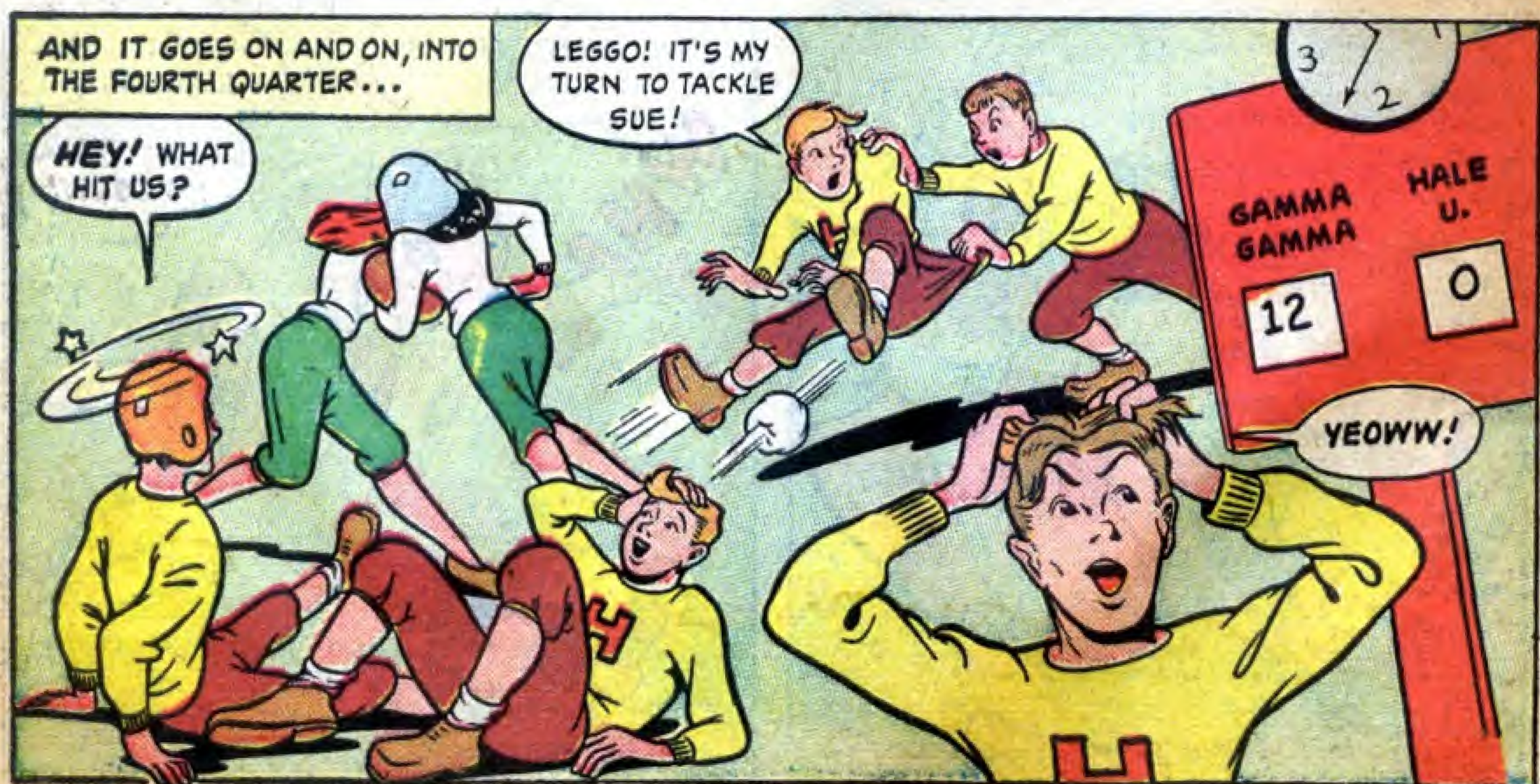
AW, LAY OFF, BABES!  
I'M TICKLISH!

HE  
FUMBLED!

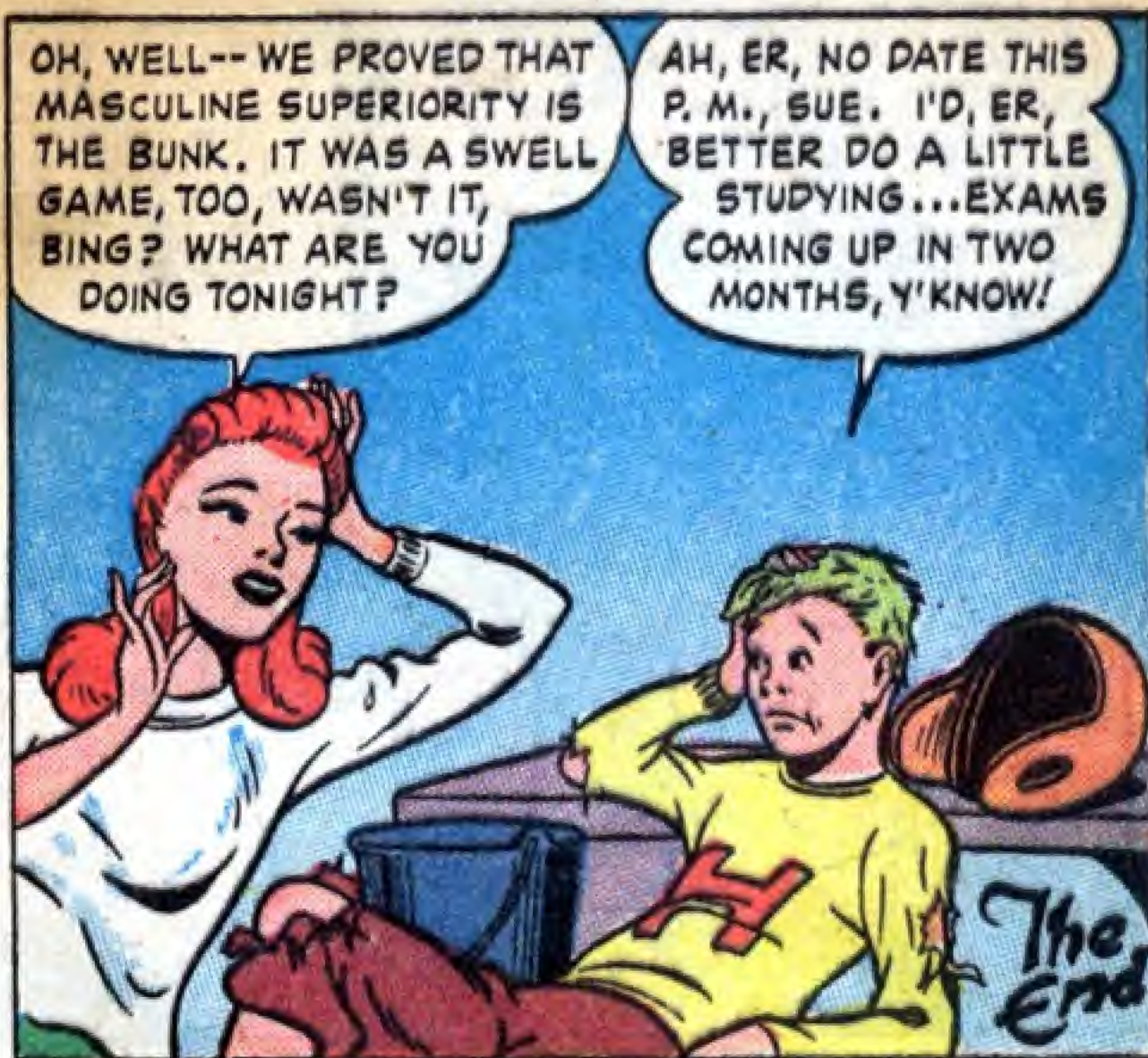
I GOT IT!











STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 Of Four Favorites Comics published bi-monthly at Springfield, Mass. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Four Favorites Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn; Editor, A. A. Wyn; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, A. A. Wyn; all of 23 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) A. A. Wyn, Inc., 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; A. A. Wyn, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Rose Wyn, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

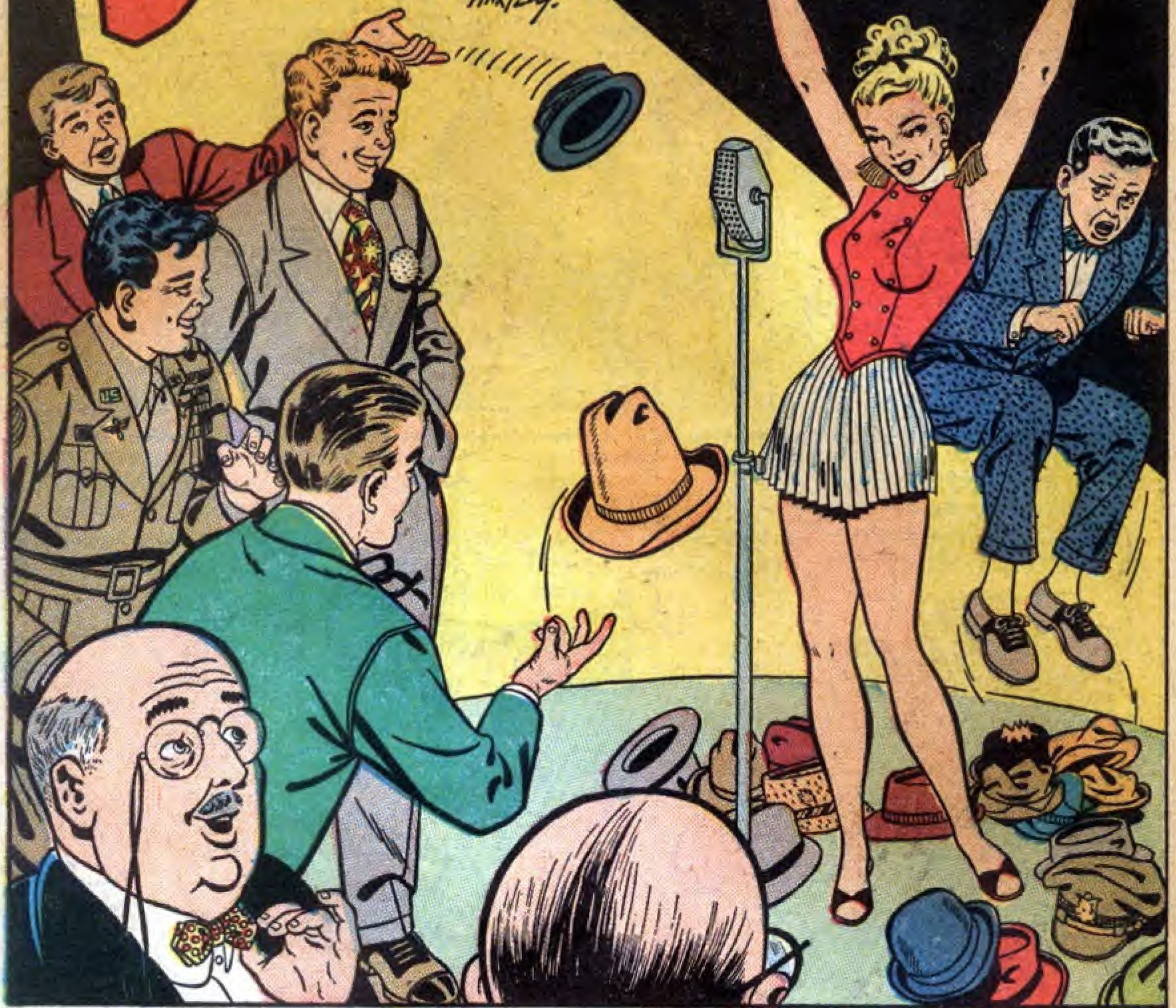
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.

ROSE BLUMENTHAL, Notary Public  
My Commission Expires March 30th, 1949



# DOTTY

by AL HARTLEY.



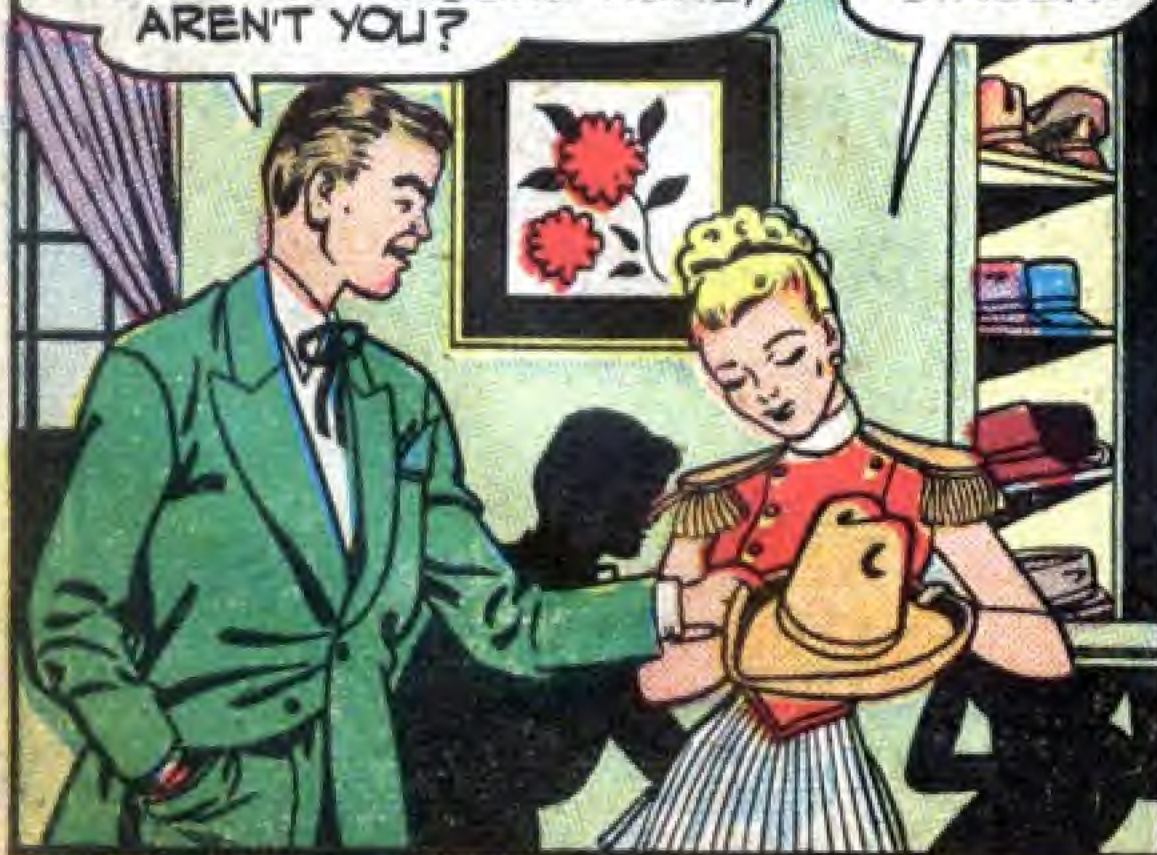
AT THE EL KISSCO CLUB...  
WHERE DOTTY IS THE HAT  
CHECK GIRL...

RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT  
MINE ON THE TOP SHELF,  
SUGAR. NEW AROUND HERE,  
AREN'T YOU?

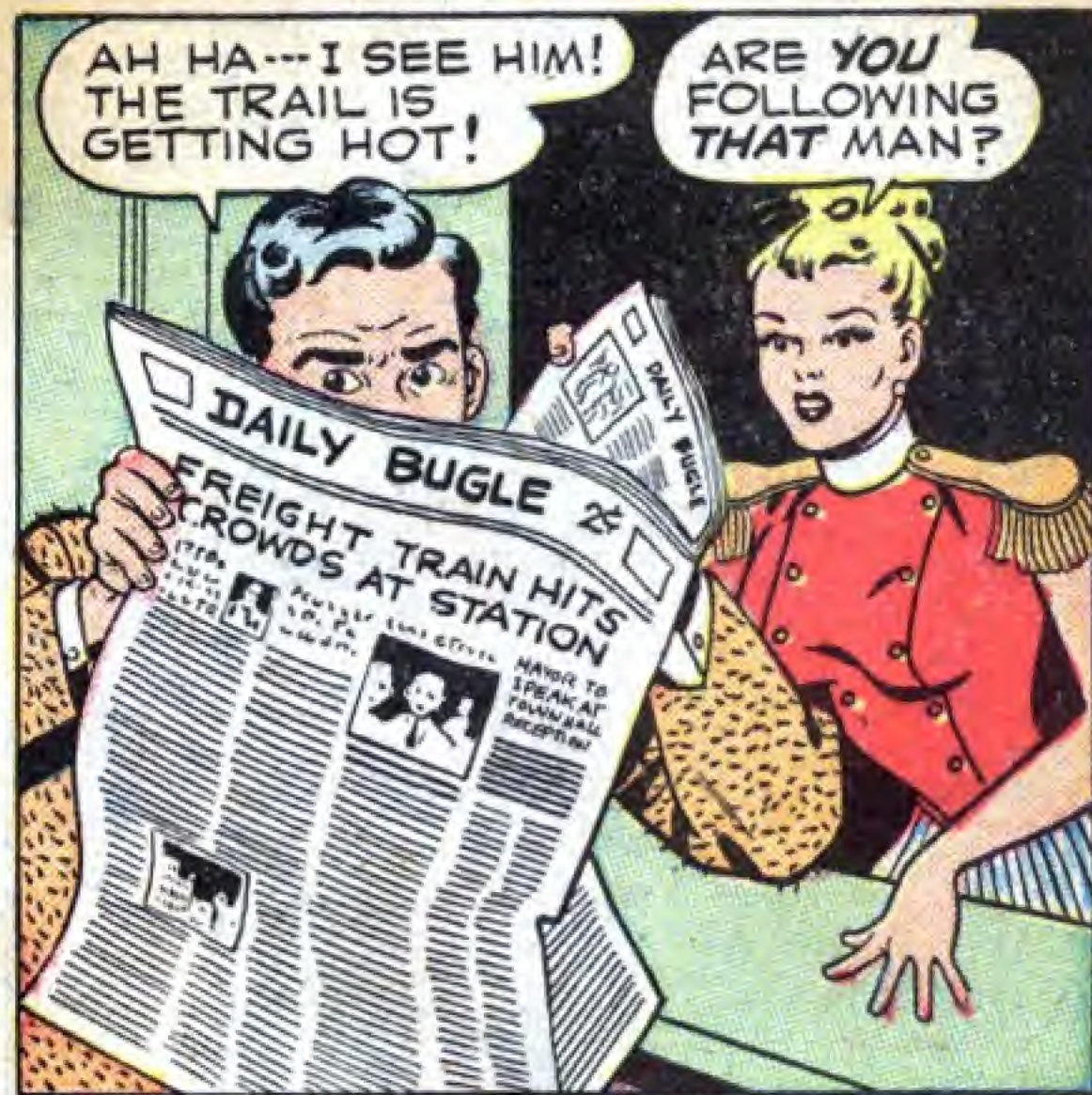
OH, YES SIR, BUT  
HAT CHECKING  
IS ONLY A TEMP-  
ORARY JOB FOR  
ME. I'M GOING  
TO BE A  
SINGER.

BACK TO THE TALL  
TIMBER, WOLF. THIS  
LITTLE LAMB IS  
STRICTLY FOR THE  
REGULARS... LIKE  
ME. HIYA, DOTTY!

OH, HELLO,  
MISTER, ER,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?









I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID! I GOT A NEW JOB AS ASSISTANT TO A PRIVATE DICK... HE TOLD ME TO SHADOW ANYBODY WHO LOOKED SUSPICIOUS!

HMMM...ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SILLY JOBS!



NOW, KITTEN... DON'T BE LIKE THAT! THIS'LL BRING ME FAME AND FORTUNE... JUST LIKE IT HAPPENS IN THE MOVIES! THEN WE CAN GET MARRIED!

MARRIED? BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A HOUSEWIFE! I WANT TO SING!



IF YOU CARED FOR ME, YOU'D HELP ME TO GET A SINGING CONTRACT. BUT NO! FIRST YOU WENT TO BARBER COLLEGE... AND THEN YOU TEAMED UP WITH THAT CRAZY INVENTOR... AND THAT TIME YOU...

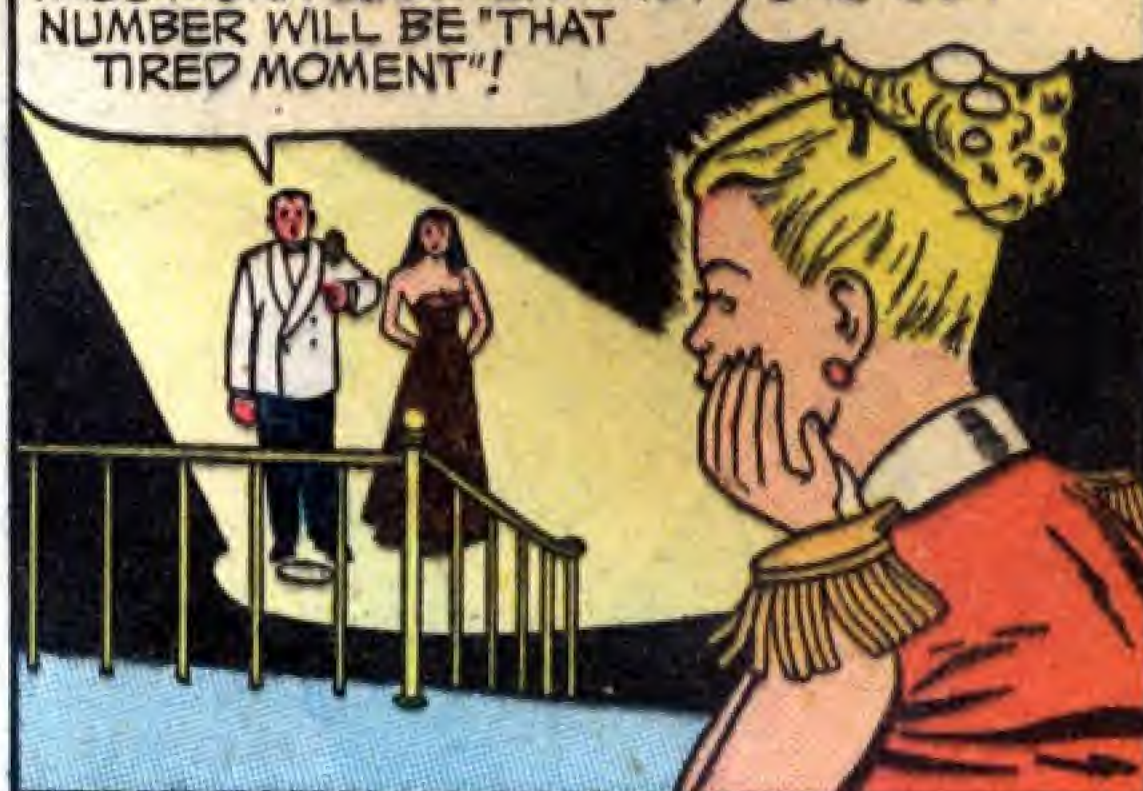
SHHH... THERE HE GOES! I GUESS I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU HOME... THIS MIGHT TAKE ALL NIGHT!



JUST THEN... THE LIGHTS DIM... AND THE FLOOR SHOW STARTS...

...AND PRESENTING YOUR FAVORITE TORCH SINGER... MISS MONA LEE! HER FIRST NUMBER WILL BE "THAT TIRED MOMENT"!

I COULD WARBLE THAT SONG BETTER THAN MONA! WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET A BREAK LIKE SHE GOT...



THAT TIRED MOMENT... MADE ME SAD... MADE ME GLAD...!

TUM DE DUM... MADE ME SAD... MADE ME GLAD...!



...AND THAT MOMENT... MADE ME SO TIRED... I HAD TO SIT DOWN...!

WHAT A VOICE! WHAT A GIRL! JUST THE ONE I NEED! I GOTTA GET HER! MY, MY, MY!





AT LONG LAST...IT'S TIME  
FOR DOTTY TO GO HOME...

I BEG YA  
PARDON---

I NEVER TALK TO STRANGERS.  
---EXCEPT ON THE PHONE.



YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE  
---AND WHAT'S MORE  
I NEVER LET MYSELF  
BE PICKED UP!  
BYE,NOW!

B-BUT...YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...!  
**WAIT!** ER...THEN  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PHONE NUMBER?



IF YOU DON'T STOP  
FOLLOWING ME---I'LL  
--- I'LL ---**SCREAM!**

NO--PLEASE---! IT  
MIGHT RUIN YOUR  
VOICE! WHY DON'T  
YOU STOP AND  
LISTEN TO ME!?



HE'S STILL CHASING  
---(PUFF) ME! OHHH  
---IF LESTER WERE  
---(PUFF) ONLY HERE!

AH HA...I  
THOUGHT THE  
RAT WOULD TRY  
TO NIBBLE MY  
COOKIE!



OPEN UP! OPEN!  
YOU GOTTA  
LISTEN TO  
ME!

CORNERED HIM  
AT LAST!



**GOTCHA!** PROSPECTING  
FOR MY LITTLE GOLDDIGGER,  
HUH?

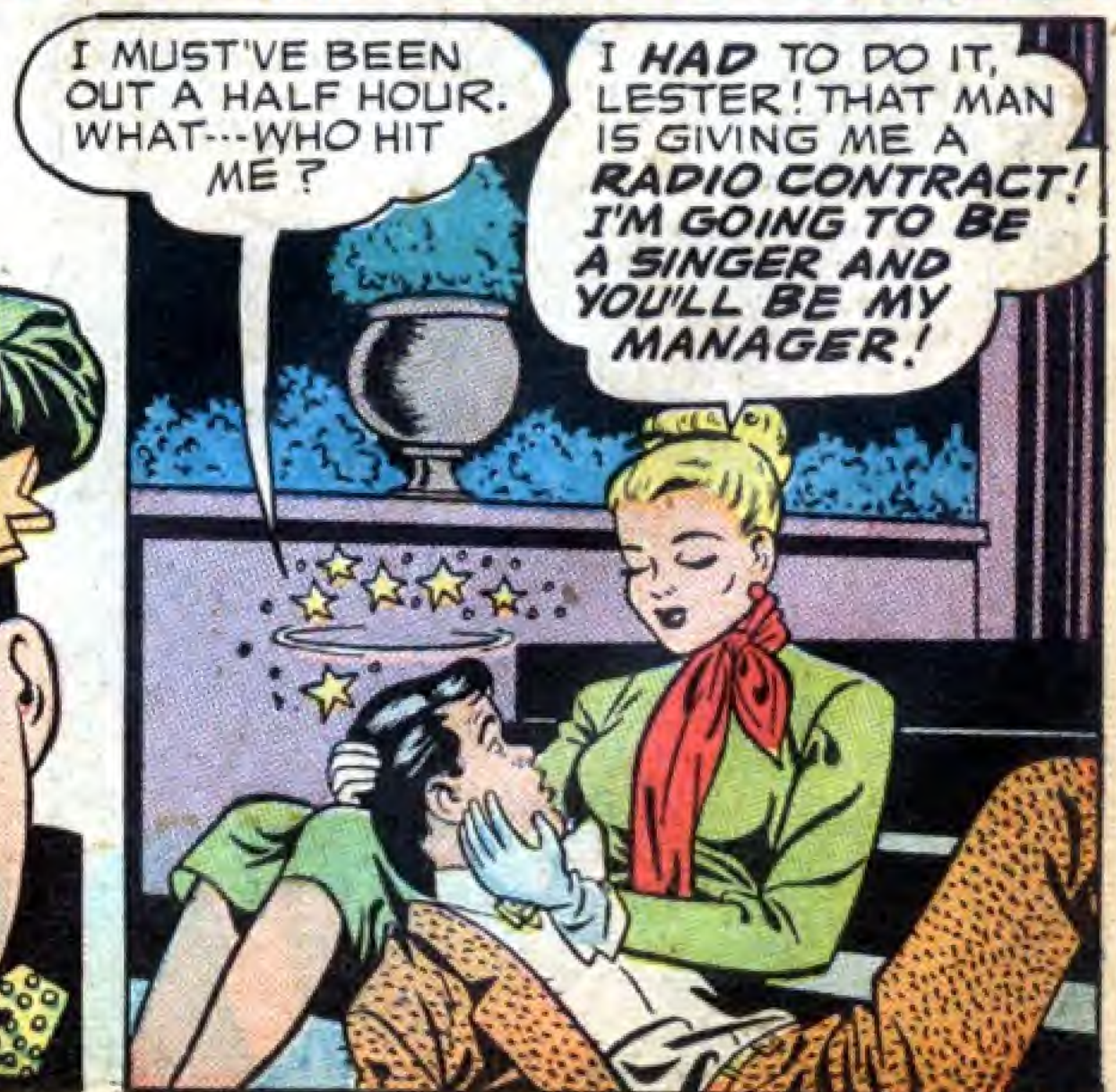
**HALP!  
POLICE!**  
THE MAN'S  
HALF-NUTTY...  
**NO, COMPLETELY  
NUTS!**











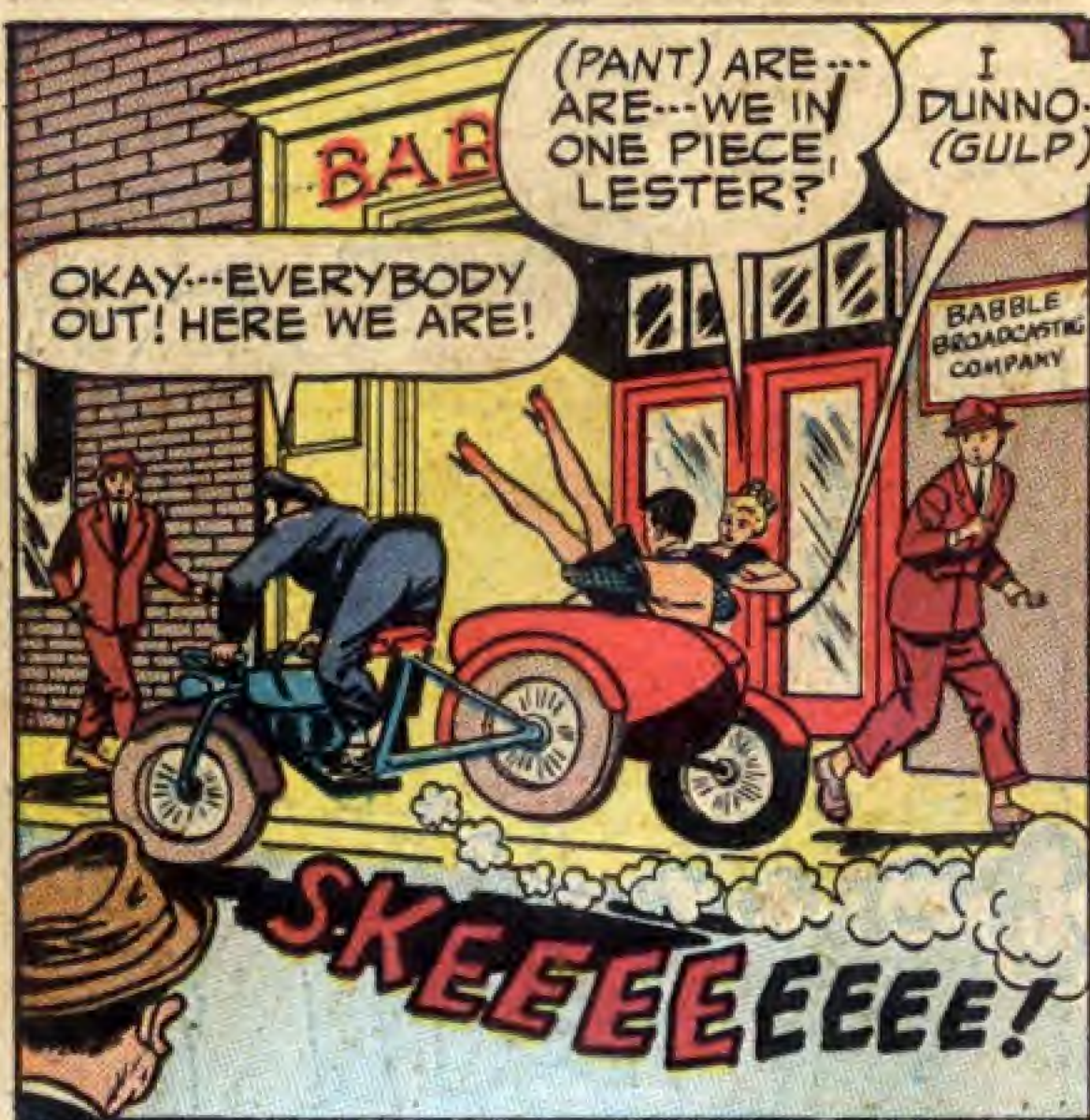












OKAY...EVERYBODY OUT! HERE WE ARE!

(PANT) ARE... ARE...WE IN ONE PIECE, LESTER?

I DUNNO...! (GULP)

**SKEEEEEEEEE!**



OKAY, OFFICER...HERE'S HER AUTOGRAPH FOR BEING SO NICE TO US! NOW, NOW...DON'T START THANKING US! WE WUZ GLAD TO DO IT!

WHAT?! DON'T I GET FREE TICKETS TO THE SHOW?



LET'S GO, DOTTY!

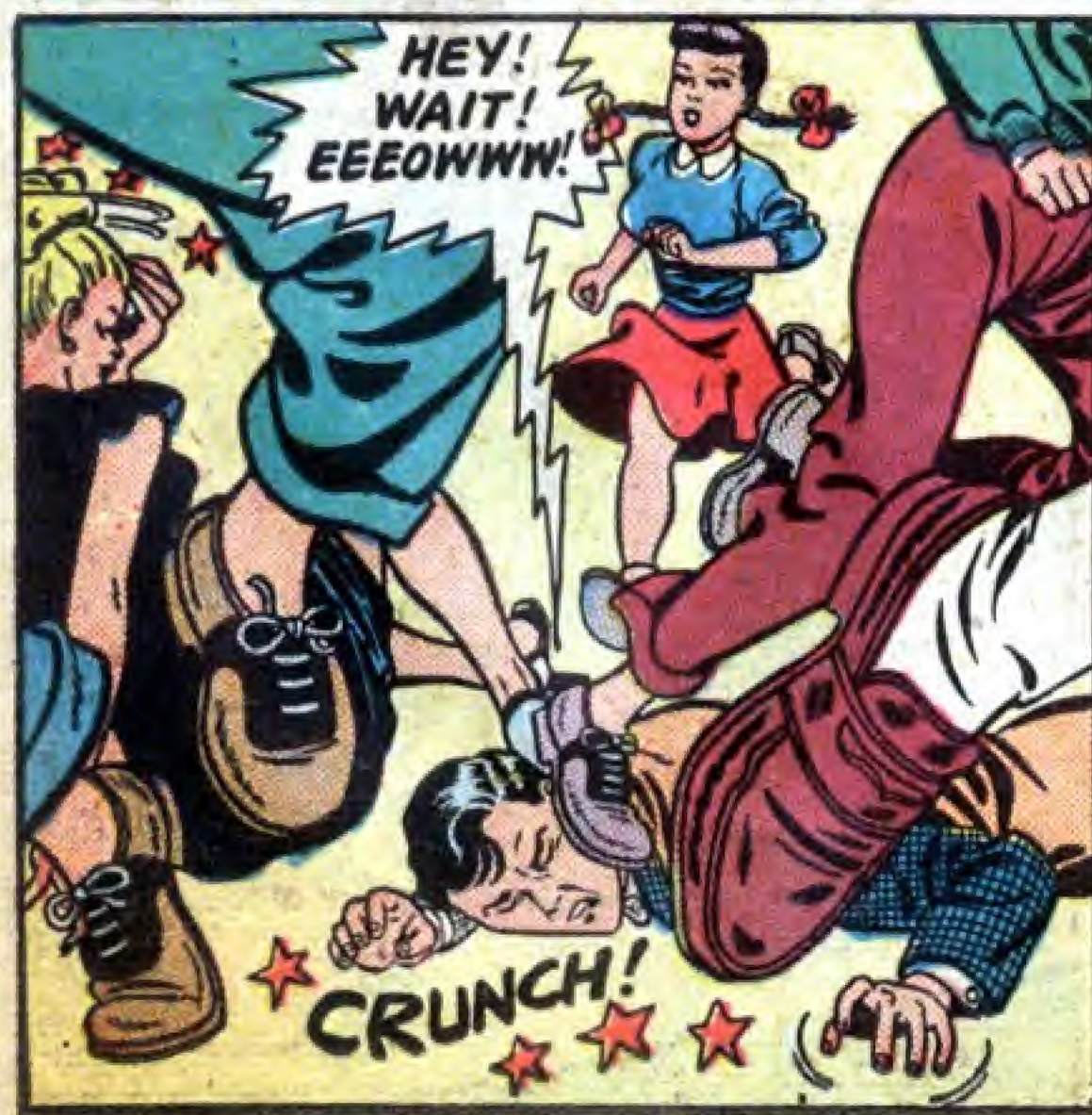
LOOK! THERE SHE IS!

BABBLE BROADCASTING COMPANY



AM I FAMOUS ALREADY, LESTER?

HEH, HEH! DON'T SIGN TOO MANY AUTOGRAPHS, DOT! WE GOT A BROADCAST WAITING!



HEY! WAIT! EEEOWWW!

**CRUNCH!**



SIGN MINE, MISS DEVINE! CAN I HAVE YER AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE!

IT'S DORIS DEVINE...! THAT'S WHO THEY WENT AFTER!

DON'T WORRY, DOTTY! AFTER THIS BROADCAST, THEY'LL BE GALLOPING TO YOU...NOT OVER YOU!







# IT'S A JOKE, SON!

A man from out of town came into a restaurant and called a waitress. "I want a glass of half water, half orange juice with the seeds left in, an order of burnt toast, a couple of eggs boiled so hard I'll have to use an ax to crack 'em open, and a cup of weak coffee with plenty of grounds in the bottom of the cup."

Without questioning the order, the waitress filled it and put it before the man. "Now, will there be anything else?" she asked.

"Yeah," the man replied "sit down and nag me. I'm homesick!"

\* \* \*

A subway rider who was too short to reach a strap to hang onto when all the seats were taken, grabbed instead the beard of the man standing next to him. The bearded man's face turned red and he yelled, "Let go my whiskers, you idiot!"

"Why, what's the matter, mister?" the short fellow asked. "You getting off at the next station?"

\* \* \*

Sam the switchman was told by his physician that he should stop taking sleep-powders every night for ten or twelve become an unbreakable habit."

"Aw, don't gimme a line of malarkey, doc", Sam replied. "I've been takin' them powders every night for ten or twelve years, and they ain't become a habit yet!"

\* \* \*

A beautiful woman in her forties was walking through a park when she heard a whistle: "Twee-twee!" Turning, she saw a young marine approaching her with a broad smile.

"Now don't get any ideas about sharing a bench with me, sonny. I'm a grandmother."

Still smiling, the young marine chirped: "But Grandmother! What big eyes you have!"

\* \* \*

A distant relative came to call one day on Aunt Prudence Crabbe. Since Aunt Prude never offered to talk about anything but high taxes and the weather, the caller became ill at ease and was about to leave when suddenly an idea struck him.

He spoke up brightly: "Isn't it about time for your husband to come home from work?"

"Nope!" said Aunt Prude. "He ain't comin' home."

"Why? Where did he go?" the caller asked.

"He went out to the cemetery," Aunt Prude replied.

"Well, he won't be there long, will he?"

"Can't say," Aunt Prude muttered, "but he's been out there eight years so far!"

\* \* \*

A woman was telling another woman seated in the next chair at the beauty parlor about the theory of reincarnation. "I believe in it firmly," she said. "After we are dead we always return to Earth as another creature or person."

The woman next to her snapped back, "Do you really think that if I died, I might come back as a horse?"

"Oh, no!" the first woman exclaimed. "You can't be the same thing twice!"

\* \* \*

A short while after a little boy was lead by his mother into a doctor's office someone started to yell like he was being murdered. At that moment the nurse, who had been out to lunch, returned and flung open the door to gaze at a strange spectacle.

"Now be a good boy, Johnny," the mother was coaxing. "Say ah-h-h-h so the naughty doctor can get his finger out of your mouth!"

\* \* \*

The vaudeville booking agent looked on sourly as Jingo Janes began to put on his act with a monkey and a dachshund. The monkey sat down to a piano and began playing "Old Man River" while the dog stood on his hind legs and started to sing the lyrics, word for word.

The booking agent was amazed by the act. "I've never seen anything like it in my life!" he exclaimed. "A monkey that plays the piano and a dog that sings like a human being! I'll give you five thousand dollars for those animals, Jingo, and put on the act



myself!"

"Nothing doing," Jingo Janes replied.

"I'll make it ten thousand!" the agent yelled.

Jingo shook his head. "I'd be cheating you. This act is phony. The dog can't really sing. The monkey is a ventriloquist!"

\* \* \*

Dopey Dora was telling her friend, Soapy Sadie, how hard she had fallen for her latest boy friend. "I gotta soft spot in my head for him."

\* \* \*

MacTavish: "Hey, Sandy! Where's the bridegroom? I dinna see him since he left the church."

MacDougal: "Look down there behind the car. He's trying on the old shoes!"

\* \* \*

Fahey and O'Toole were having a heated discussion over the coming election. The pot really boiled over when Fahey declared that their friend, McManus, was going to vote the straight Republican ticket. "That is not what he told me!" O'Toole shouted. "And just to prove it to you, come along with me and ask him!"

Finding McManus at a nearby store, O'Toole cleared his throat, pointed to Fahey and said: "Tell this numbskull how you're going to vote, McManus."

"Same as always," McManus replied. "Standing up!"

\* \* \*

Gimpy Grogan was taken to court on an assault and battery charge. It was claimed that while the plaintiff, Fifth Ace McGee, was bending over to tie his shoelace, Grogan had kicked him in the face.

But Gimpy's lawyer was a shrewd article. "Your honor," he pleaded, "I contend that my client did not kick the plaintiff in the kisser because my client's right foot is uncontrollable, and I do not understand how he can be blamed for an assault committed by something that is not a part of him."

The judge winked and said: "That is a very sound argument. I therefore sentence the defendant's right foot to 90 days in jail. If he chooses, he may accompany the offending foot."

Whereupon, Gimpy Grogan removed his wooden leg, pinned up his trouser, grabbed his cane and hobbled out of the courtroom!

\* \* \*

A letter carrier stopped by an RFD box in the back woods of Tennessee, but the woman who lived in the cabin on the near-

by piney ridge came running down in her barefeet before he could drop the letter which he had brought for her. "Hold on a jiffy, Zeke, an' read me that there letter. I done lost mah specs."

The letter was from the woman's son, an army private. When the carrier had finished reading it to her, the woman began to sob. "Mah pore boy!" she cried. "Ah just knowed he'd never come back alive!"

"But how could he have writ you this here letter," the carrier asked, "if'n he wuz dead?"

"What you mean he ain't dead!" the woman snapped. "Don't he say in that there letter he's now in the Holy Land?"

\* \* \*

A sailor promised his sweetheart that he would bring her a parrot when he returned from his voyage. But when he reached his home port after several weeks at sea he realized that he'd forgotten to bring back the bird. Rather than disappoint his sweetheart, he hastened out to the farming district and bought a small owl from a boy who had tamed it. Rushing back to town, the sailor dipped the owl in a pan of green dye, then took it to his girl friend, telling her that it was a rare type of parrot.

Before he left on his next voyage, he asked the girl if she'd taught the "parrot" how to talk. "No," she said, "I haven't been able to make him speak a single word. But I never did see a parrot that could sit and think like this one does!"

\* \* \*

The Sunday dinner guest was becoming slightly more than annoyed at the little boy seated across the table. Each time the guest reached for his glass of water, the little boy would let out a yelp as though he was expecting something very strange to happen. Rather than cause a scene, the guest replaced his water glass each time without taking so much as a sip.

Finally he could stand it no longer. Looking the boy squarely in the eye he muttered, "Now look here, junior. What's the idea of staring at me every time I pick up a glass."

"Well, you see," the kid explained, "I can hardly wait to see how you do it."

"Do what?" the irate guest boomed. "You mean something strange will happen if I take a swallow of that water?"

"I guess so," the kid admitted. "Dad was telling mother last night that you drank like a fish!"



# Curly









# JERRY THE JINX



JERRY ANSWERS A RUSH  
CALL FROM HIS HEART'S  
DESIRE — — —

GEE, MARTHA— THIS MUST  
MEAN YOU DON'T THINK I'M  
A **JINX**, HUH?

(IF YOU ONLY KNEW!)  
OF COURSE NOT, JERRY!  
I NEED YOUR HELP! MY  
UNCLE HIRAM IS HAVING  
TROUBLE ON HIS FARM—  
AND I'D LIKE YOU TO GO  
OUT THERE WITH ME!

I'M CATCHING THE  
NINE O'CLOCK TRAIN!  
YOU'LL HAVE TO HUSTLE  
TO MAKE IT!

I'LL RUN  
HOME AND  
PACK! MEET  
YOU AT THE  
STATION!





LATER-

HERE'S TWO SEATS MARTHA!  
WE CAN SIT HERE!

ZZZZZZ

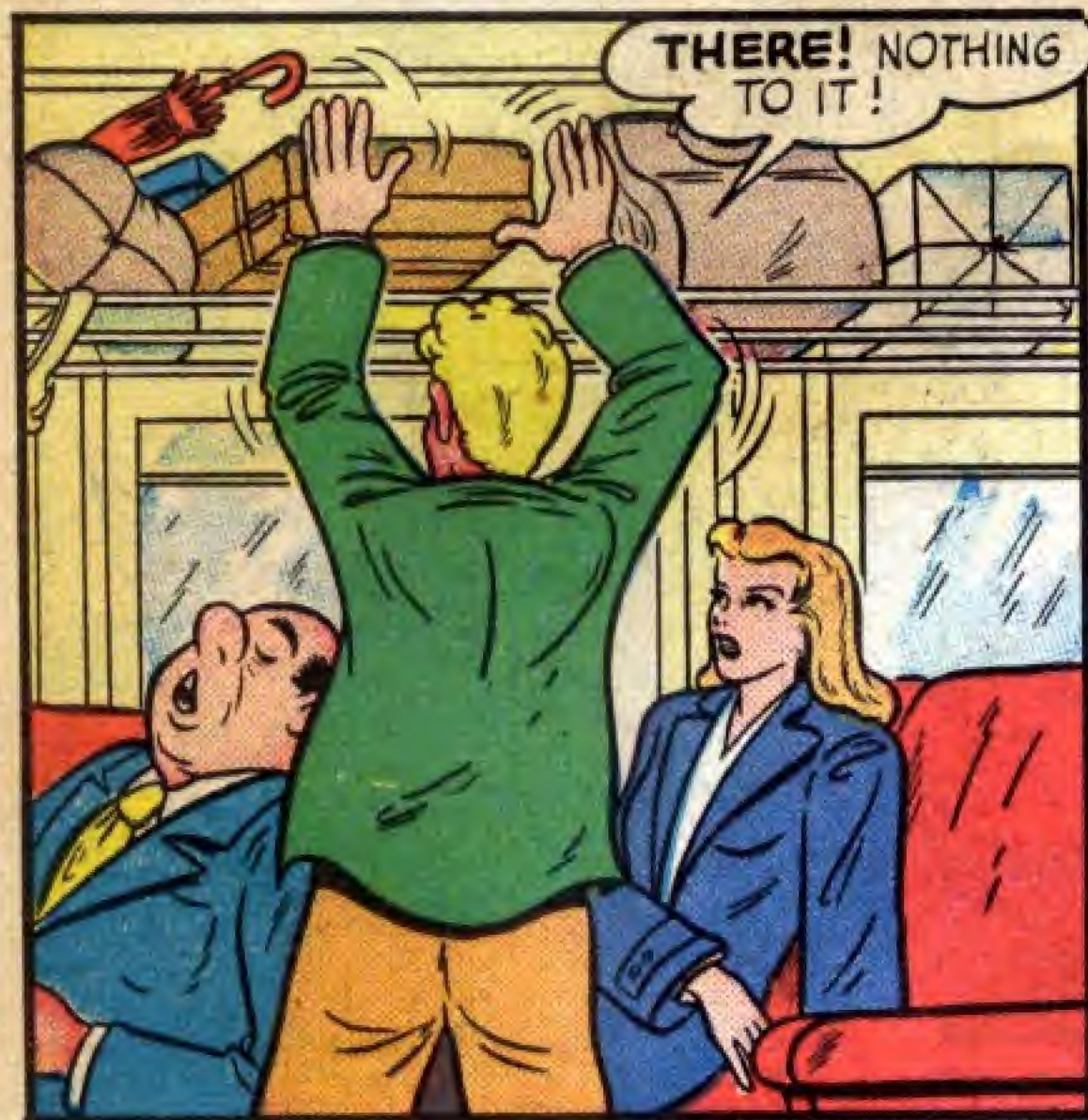


OOHH - THIS IS  
HEAVY - OOF!

WAIT - LET  
ME DO IT!



THERE! NOTHING  
TO IT!



THE TRAIN LURCHES  
TO A START - AND -

EOOW!



TRY TO MURDER ME  
IN MY SLEEP, WILL  
YOU? -

B-BUT IT WAS AN -  
ACCIDENT!

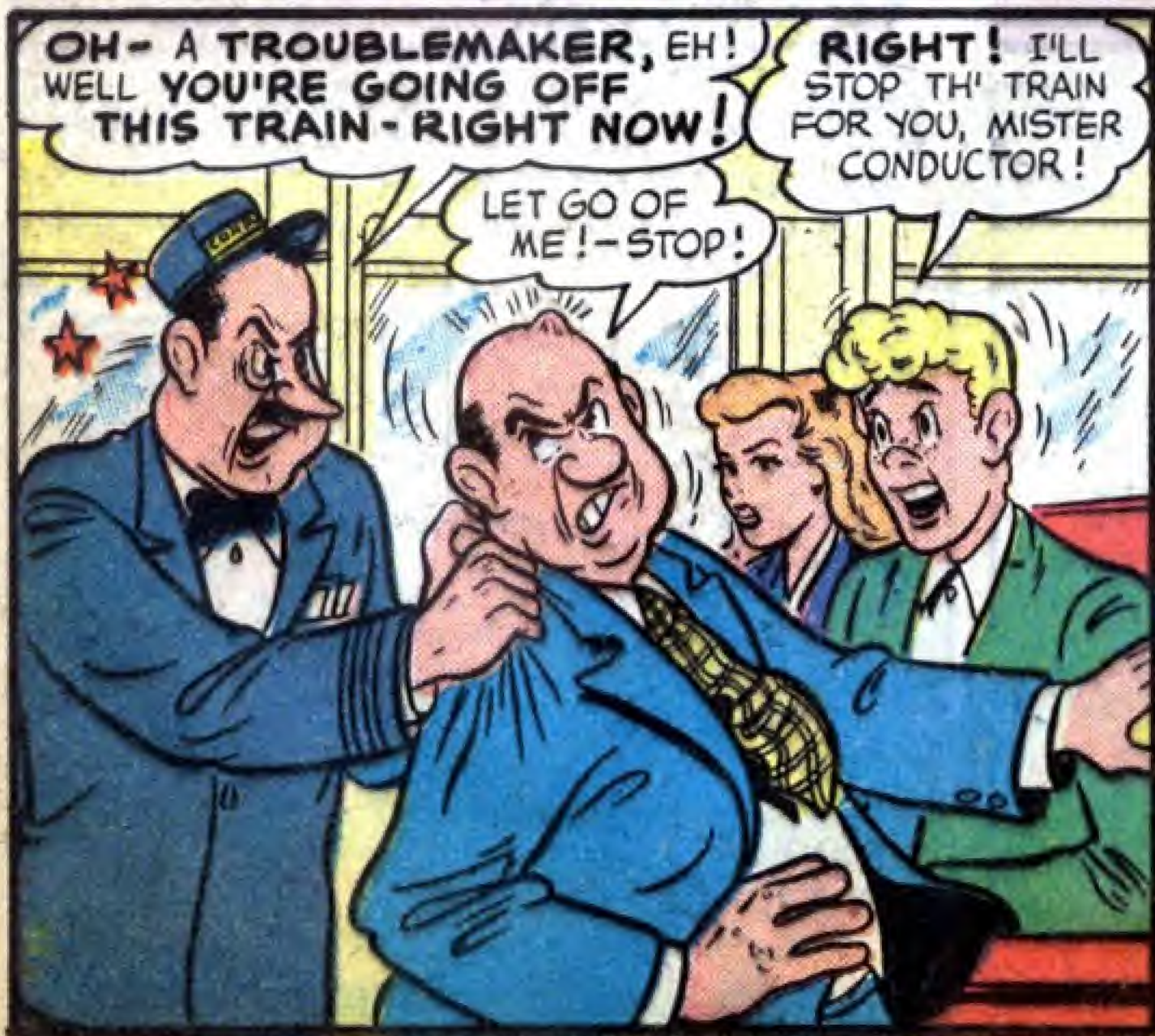
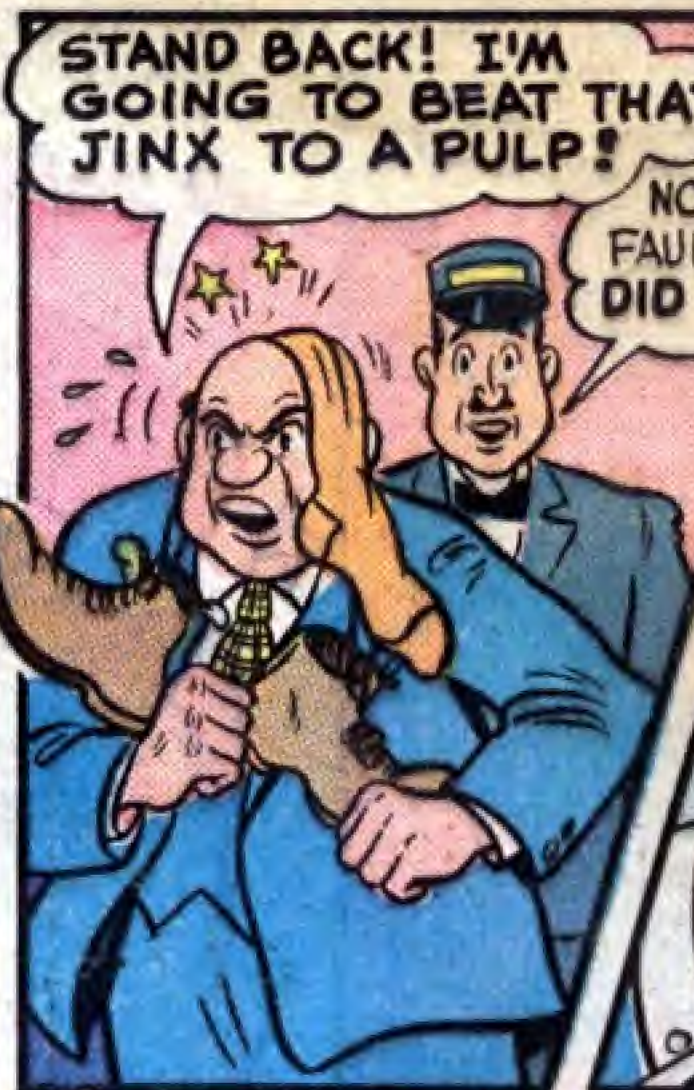
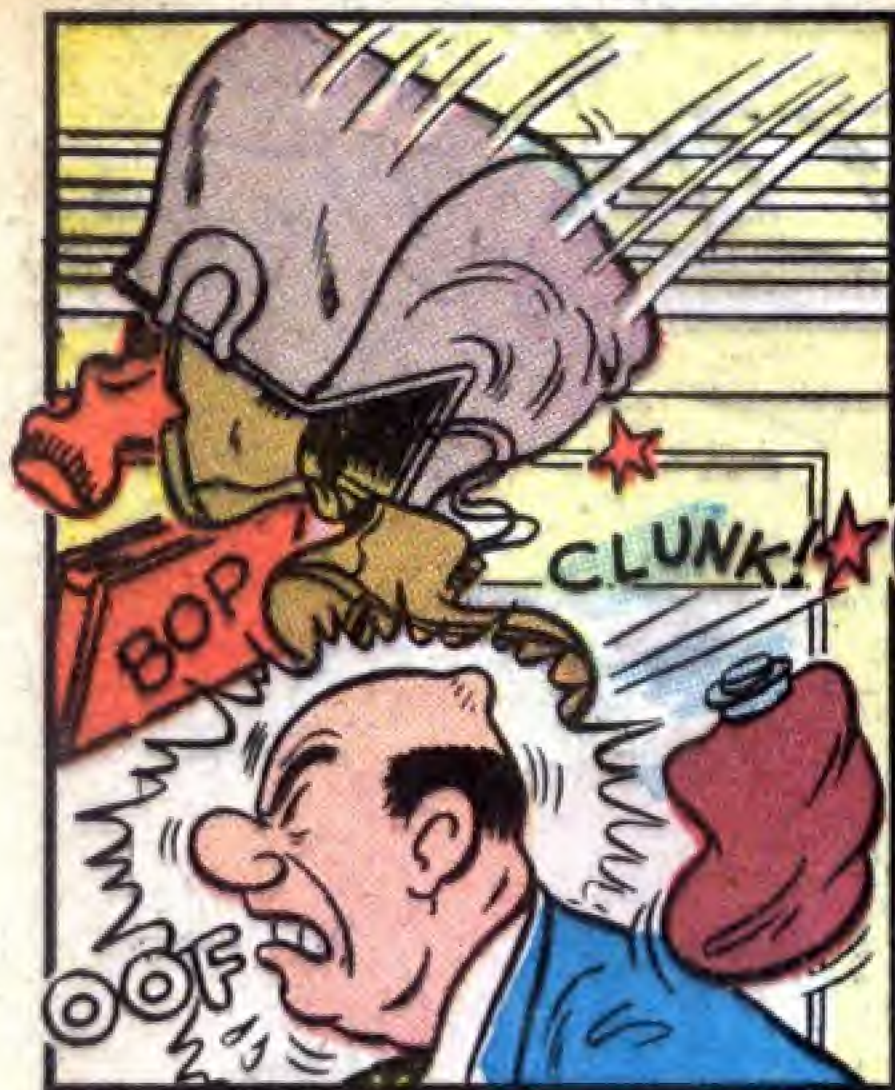


YOU'LL BE AN ACCIDENT  
WHEN I GET THROUGH -!  
- AND YOU LET GO OF ME!  
THIS CRAZY KID ALMOST  
BRAINED ME!

THERE, THERE -  
DON'T GET SO  
HET UP ABOUT  
IT! ACCIDENTS  
WILL HAPPEN!









THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO AN ABRUPT STOP — AS DO ALL THE PASSENGERS!

SCREECHHHHHHHH!

KEEP COOL, EVERYBODY AND NOBODY WILL BE KILLED!

KILLED?

WHA-?

THE TRAIN WAS WRECKED!

LEMME OUT!

SMASH THE WINDOWS!

WAIT--! BE CALM! THAT KID—HE--

WE WANT OUT!

C'MON MOVE! ONE SIDE!!

C'MON, MARTHA! I GOT THIS WINDOW OPEN—WE'D BETTER SCRAM OUT OF HERE, TOO! MAYBE SOMETHING **DID** HAPPEN! I'LL HELP YOU OUT AN' THROW OUR BAGS OUT TO YOU!

MY GOODNESS!

GRRRR—WHERE IN BLAZES IS THAT BLINKETY BLANK JINX! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM, I'LL TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB!





JEEPERS, MARTHA - I HOPE YOU'RE NOT BLAMING ME FOR THAT TROUBLE BACK IN THE TRAIN! YOU HEARD WHAT THE CONDUCTOR SAID - IT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO **ANYONE!**

SURE - SURE! BUT I HOPE YOUR JINX WON'T PREVENT US FROM REACHING UNCLE'S PLACE IN ONE PIECE!



WHA - WHAT DID YOU SAY, MARTHA? J-J- JINX?

ER - N-NO! I SAID I WAS GETTING **KINKS** IN MY LEGS FROM ALL THIS WALKING!

AFTER A FEW LONG, LEG-WEARY MILES -  
**AT LAST - UNCLE HIRAM'S FARM!**



UNCLE HIRAM - THIS - THIS IS JERRY! HE SORT OF CAME OUT TO **HELP** YOU BY GOING T - -!

WAL, YOUNG MAN, -**WELCOME!** NICE OF YOU T'COME OUT! I **NEED HELP** MIGHTY BAD! YESSIREE!



B-B-BUT UNCLE -!

MY COMPETITOR - THE OLE' HOSS THIEF - LURED AWAY ALL MY HIRED HANDS AND I'M ALL ALONE NOW! MIGHTY THOUGHTFUL OF MARTHA TO BRING **YOU** OUT!



UNCLE -! PSSST!

YOU GO ON INTO THE HOUSE, MARTHA! JERRY AND I WILL SHOW **OLD JONAS!** HEH, HEH! HE FIGGERS I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO MY CHORES! **WE'LL START WITH THE HAY!**



**THERE GOES JONAS NOW!** HE THINKS HE CAN BEAT ME TO THE HOTELS WITH HIS PRODUCE BECAUSE I'M SHORT-HANDED!

**WE'LL SHOW HIM!** MMM - WHAT'S THIS





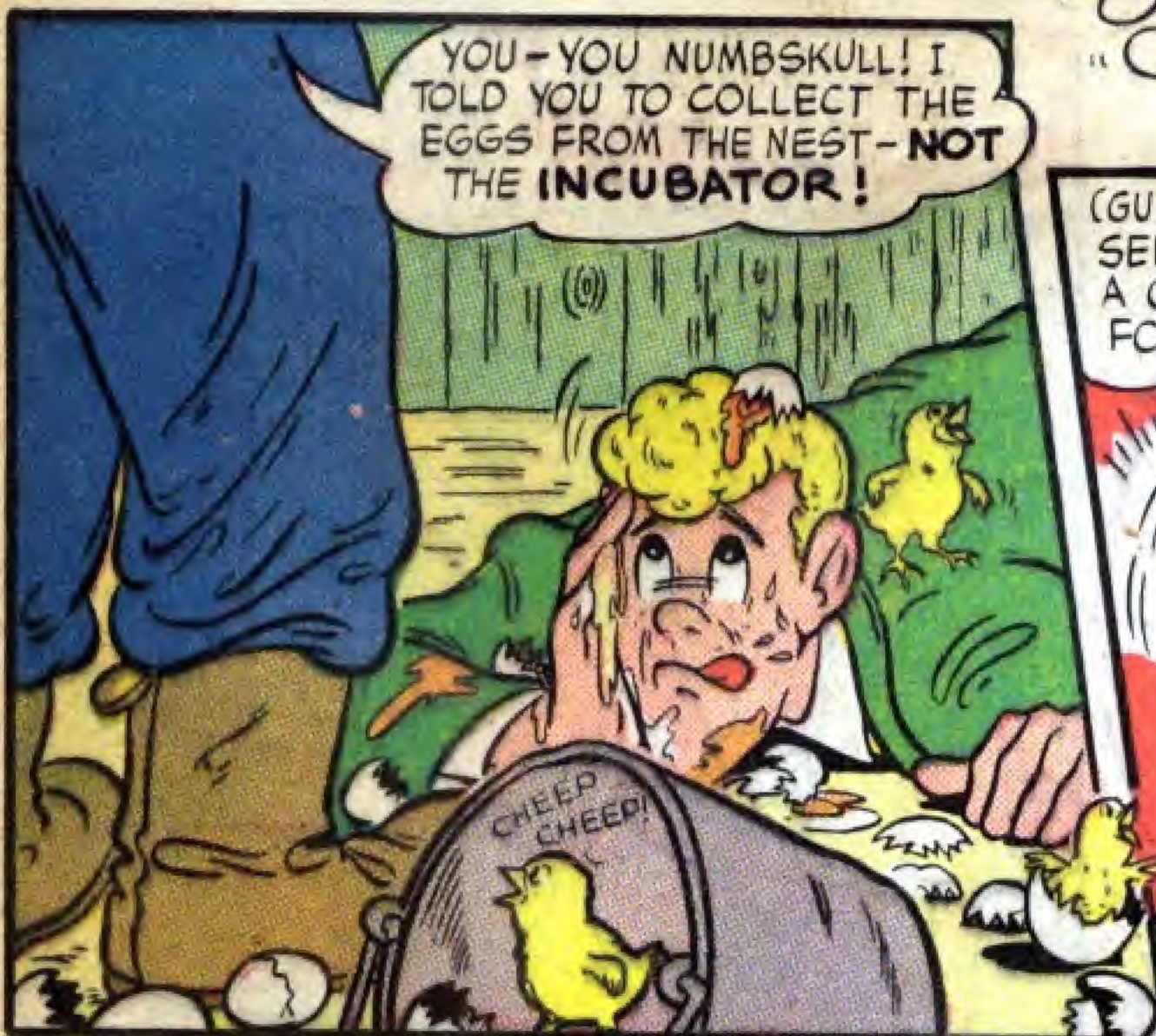
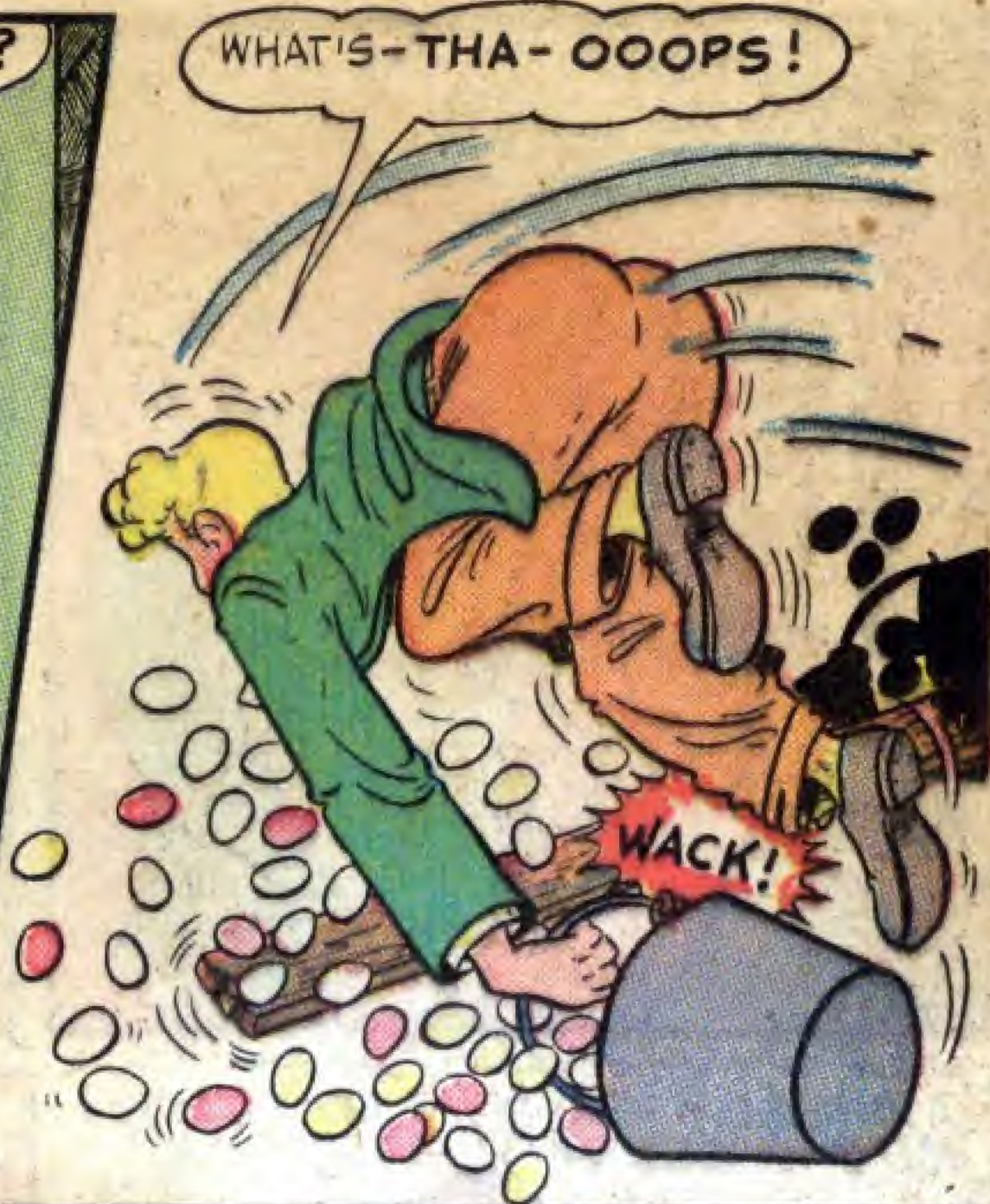
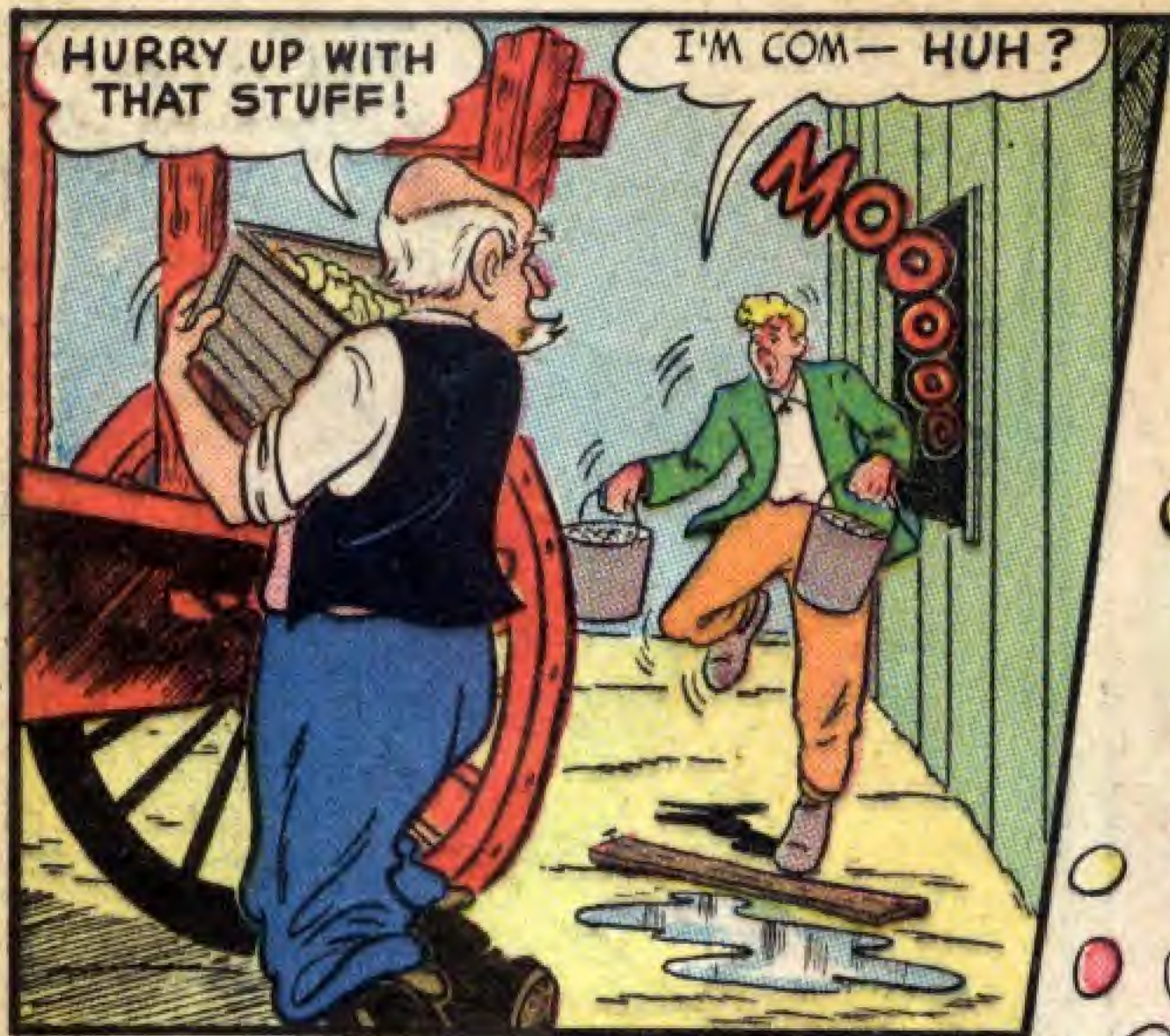
OOPS! WHAT DID I DO?



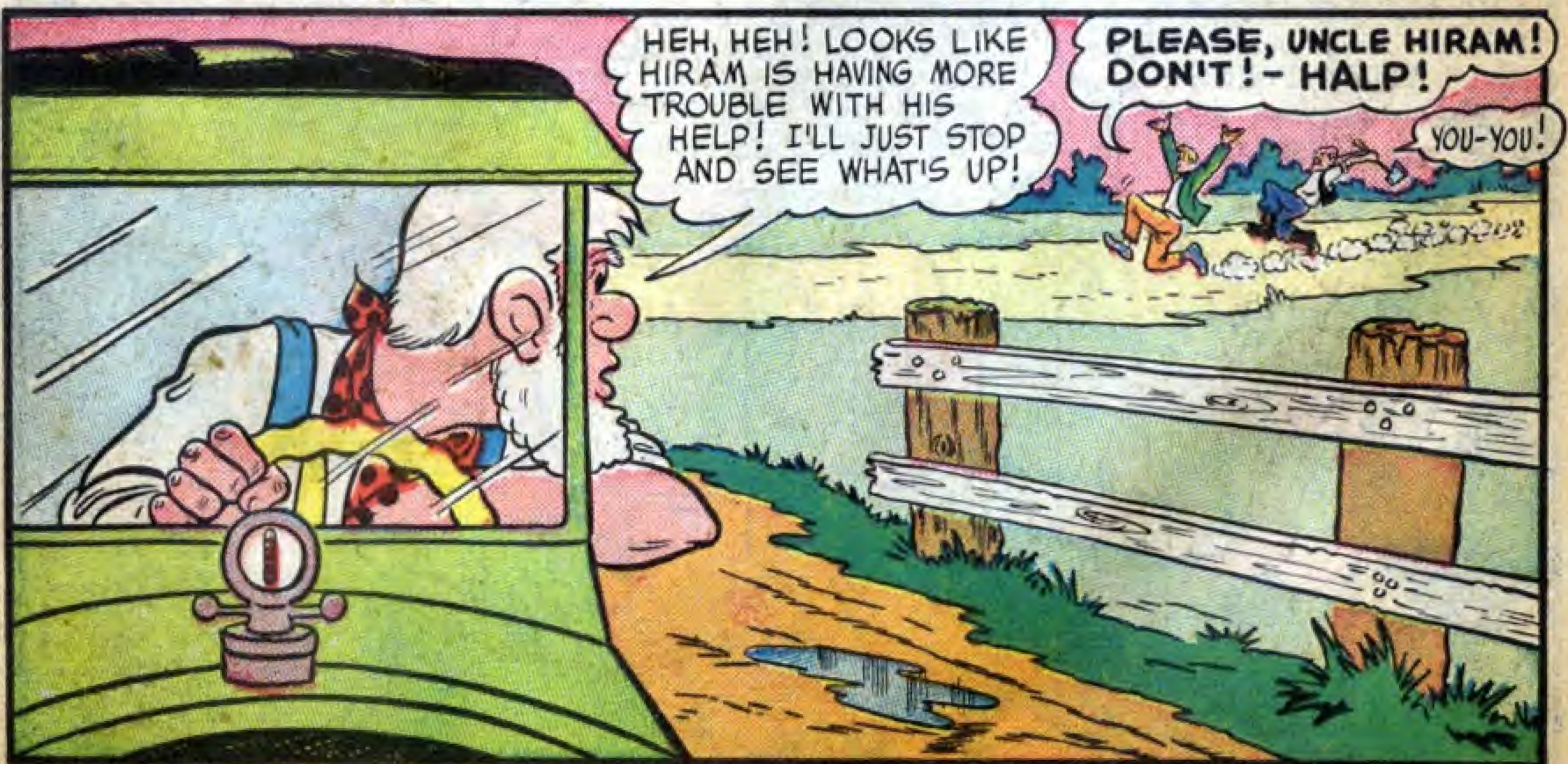
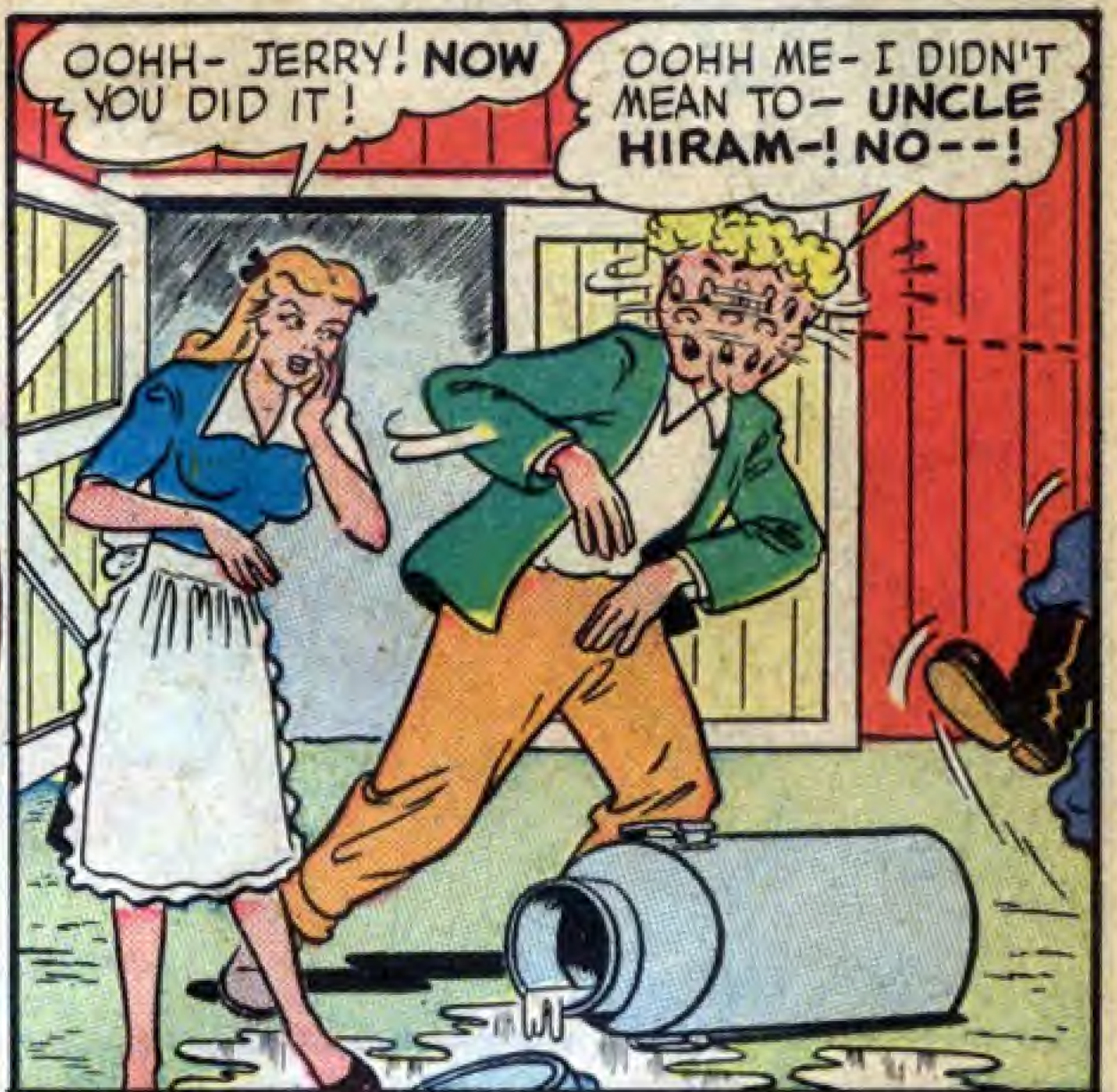
















YAH! YER HIRED HANDS CAN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM YOU AN' THAT RUN-DOWN LOT YOU CALL A FARM!

PUFF, PUFF

YOU OLD HOSS THIEF! YOU PUT THAT JINX UP TO MEETING MY NIECE SO SHE'D BRING HIM OUT HERE!

JINX! YOU MEAN THIS NICE YOUNG FELLA IS HARD LUCK? NONSENSE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME, SON?

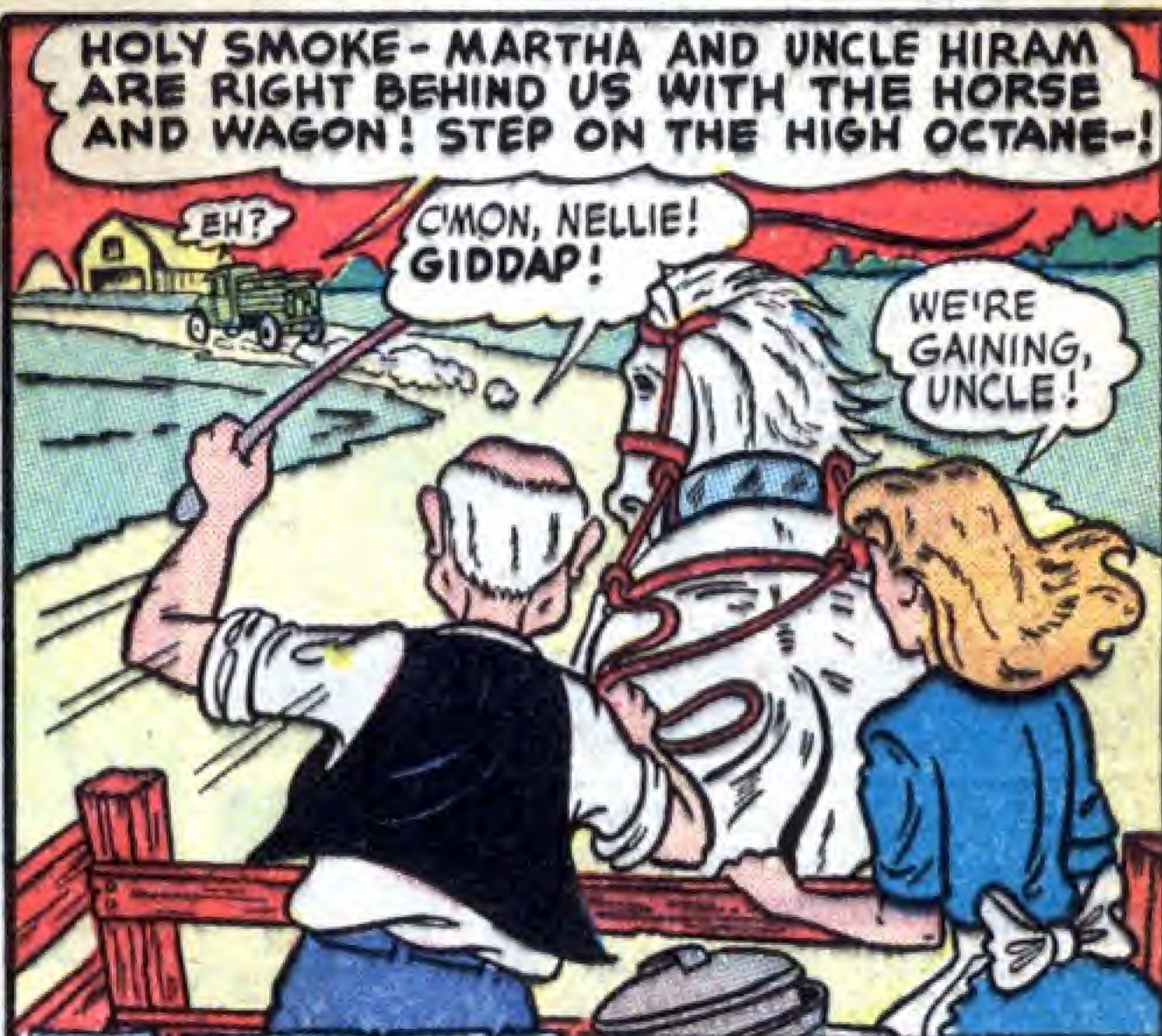
HA! YOU'LL BE SORRY, JONAS-AND IT'LL SERVE YOU RIGHT!

SURE-! THANKS!

SO - JERRY AND JONAS DRIVE OFF TOGETHER!

HE, HE! RECKON HIRAM WILL BE TH' SORRY ONE! DIDN'T SEE HIS TRUCK NOWHERES! Y'SEE - TH' HOTELS IN TOWN CAN USE JUST SO MUCH OF THIS PRODUCE SO IT'S TH' FIRST ONE IN TOWN THAT SELLS IT!

HEH, HEH! UNCLE HIRAM WILL BLOW HIS TOP!



HOLY SMOKE - MARTHA AND UNCLE HIRAM ARE RIGHT BEHIND US WITH THE HORSE AND WAGON! STEP ON THE HIGH OCTANE-!

EH?

C'MON, NELLIE! GIDDAP!

WE'RE GAINING, UNCLE!

WITH A FINAL SPUTTER THE VEHICLE COMES TO A DEAD STOP!

FASTER, MR. JONAS, FASTER! HE'S CLOSING IN ON US -

DAGNAB IT! SHE WOULD BREAK DOWN ON ME NOW!



KONK!

BONK  
MMRRRR  
KLINK



**DADRATTED INFERNAL MACHINE!** MEBBE SHE'S OUTA GAS - I'LL GET A STICK AND WE'LL MEASURE--

**THERE'S NO TIME FOR A STICK!** I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IN TH' TANK WITH THIS MATCH!

**AS ALWAYS--!** JERRY'S IDEA GOES OVER WITH A BANG!

**BAROOM!**

CAN'T STOP TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED, MARTHA! NELLIE'S SCARED SILLY AN' SHE'S ON HER OWN! **HANG ON!**

THANK GOODNESS SHE'S HEADED FOR TOWN!

**D'-DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, MR. JONAS!** IT WAS AN **ACCIDENT-HONEST--!**

**GRRR-YOU'LL SEE WHAT A REAL ACCIDENT** LOOKS LIKE WHEN YOU LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR TONIGHT!

**LATER- AT THE TRAIN - TWO BATTERED CHARACTERS MEET--**

YOU LOOK RATHER FAMILIAR, SON! WERE YOU HURT IN THE STAMPEDE WE HAD ABOARD THIS TRAIN ON THE OUTBOUND RUN?

**NOT ME!** I JUST RAN AN OBSTACLE RACE WITH A HOMICIDAL MANIAC - AND LOST THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

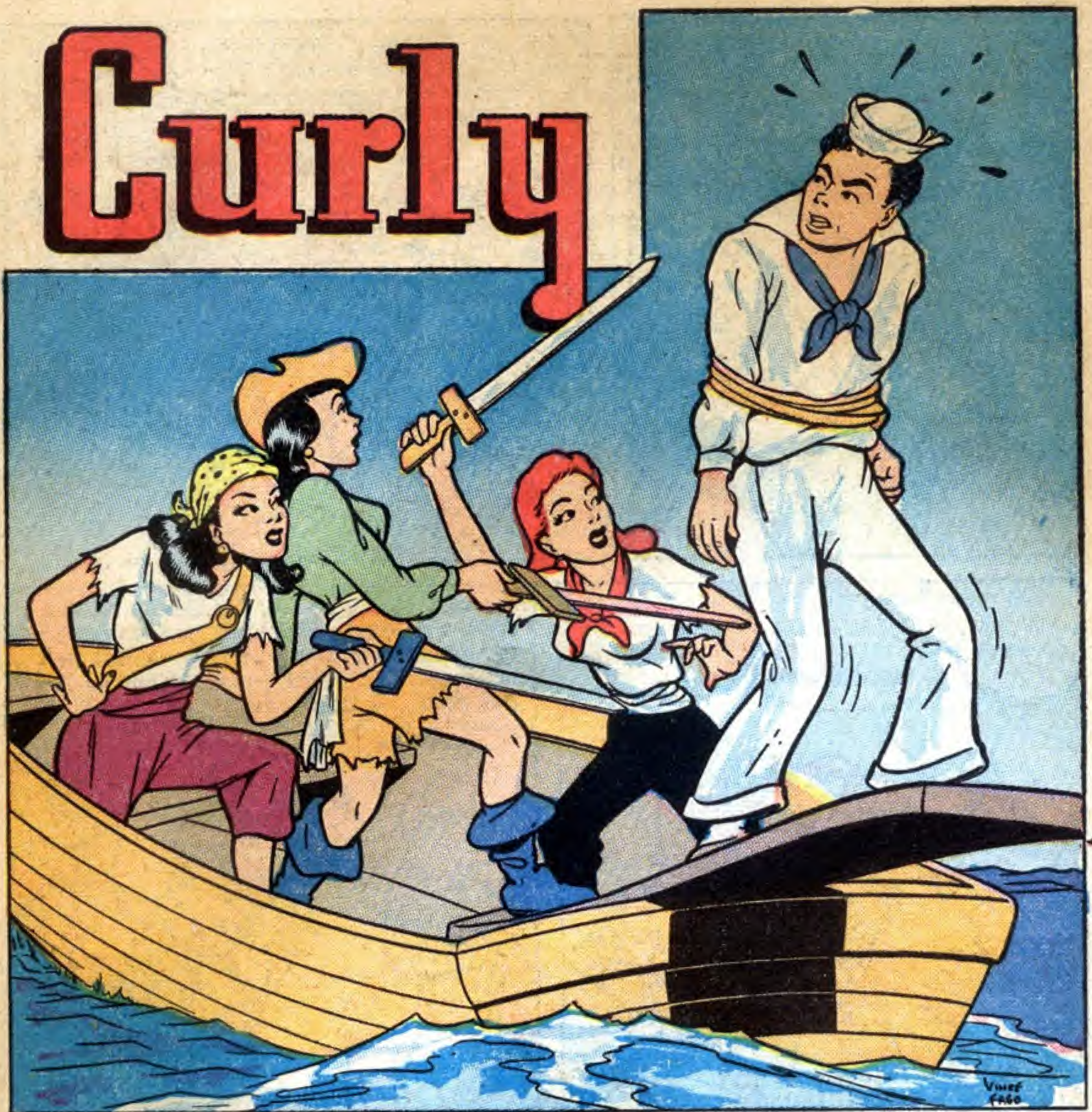
**-WHILE OUTSIDE A HOTEL IN TOWN- MARTHA EXPLAINS TO UNCLE HIRAM!**

YOU SEE, UNCLE HIRAM- EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST AS I'D **PLANNED!** I **MEANT** FOR JERRY TO MESS MATTERS UP FOR JONAS!

WAAL, NOW- SEEIN' AS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, I CAN'T BLAME YOU FER TH' TROUBLE THAT KID MADE FER ME, MARTHA!



# Curly



©ONCE UPON A DAY... CURLY RAN TO ANSWER THE BELL AND...

SHIP AHoy, CAP'N CURLY!

WHAT'S COOKIN' IN THE GALLEY, MY GOOD GAL?

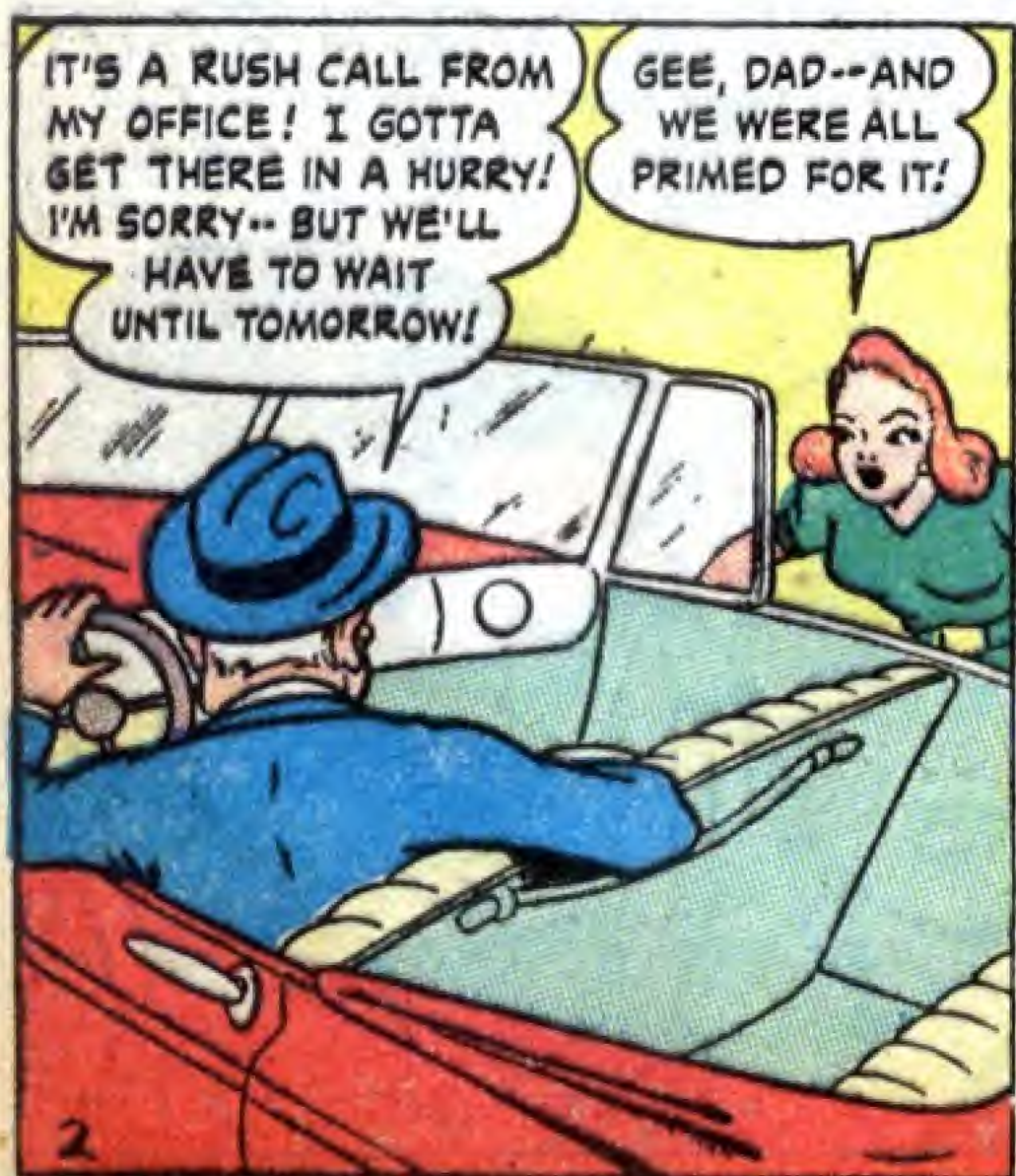


UNCLE RUGER AND MY COUSINS JUST MADE PORT IN THEIR NEW SAIL BOAT--AND--AND--THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE **US** SAILING!

**SAILING!** SWELL! WAIT FOR ME! BE BACK IN A FLASH!











YOU?  
BUT YOU  
CAN'T EVEN  
SWIM!

SO WHAT? OLD SALTS ARE NEVER  
SWIMMERS-- THEY'RE **SAILORS!**  
AND THAT'S **ME--**  
JUST AN OLD TAR!

THEN WHAT  
ARE WE  
WAITING  
FOR?



EXCUSE ME, MR. OLD TAR-- BUT  
WE'RE GOING IN CIRCLES!  
THE SAILBOAT IS OVER THAT WAY!

STOP HECKLING ME,  
BETTE! I'M  
JUST--ER-- PRACTISING!



HMMM-- A NICE  
SHIPSHAPE LITTLE  
JOB! NOT BAD!

THE AUXILIARY ENGINE IS  
UNDER THAT HOOD, CURLY!  
LET'S GET STARTED!



ENGINE? I SHOULD HANDLE AN  
ENGINE ON A SAILBOAT! **PLEASE!**  
MOTORS ARE FOR LANDLUBBERS!  
I'M A **SEAFARING MAN!**



UP THE SAILS--  
AND AWAY WE GO!  
YO-HO-HO AND A  
BOTTLE OF COKE!

EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN  
CURLY, BUT IF YOU  
HADN'T BEEN MAKING  
EYES AT TOBY AND  
RITA, YOU'D REALIZE  
THERE'S NO WIND!



EASILY DONE, CHICKS! I'LL  
GIVE US A PUSH--AND WE'RE  
OFF! STAND BY, MATES!

THIS IS  
GOING TO BE  
**GOOD!**

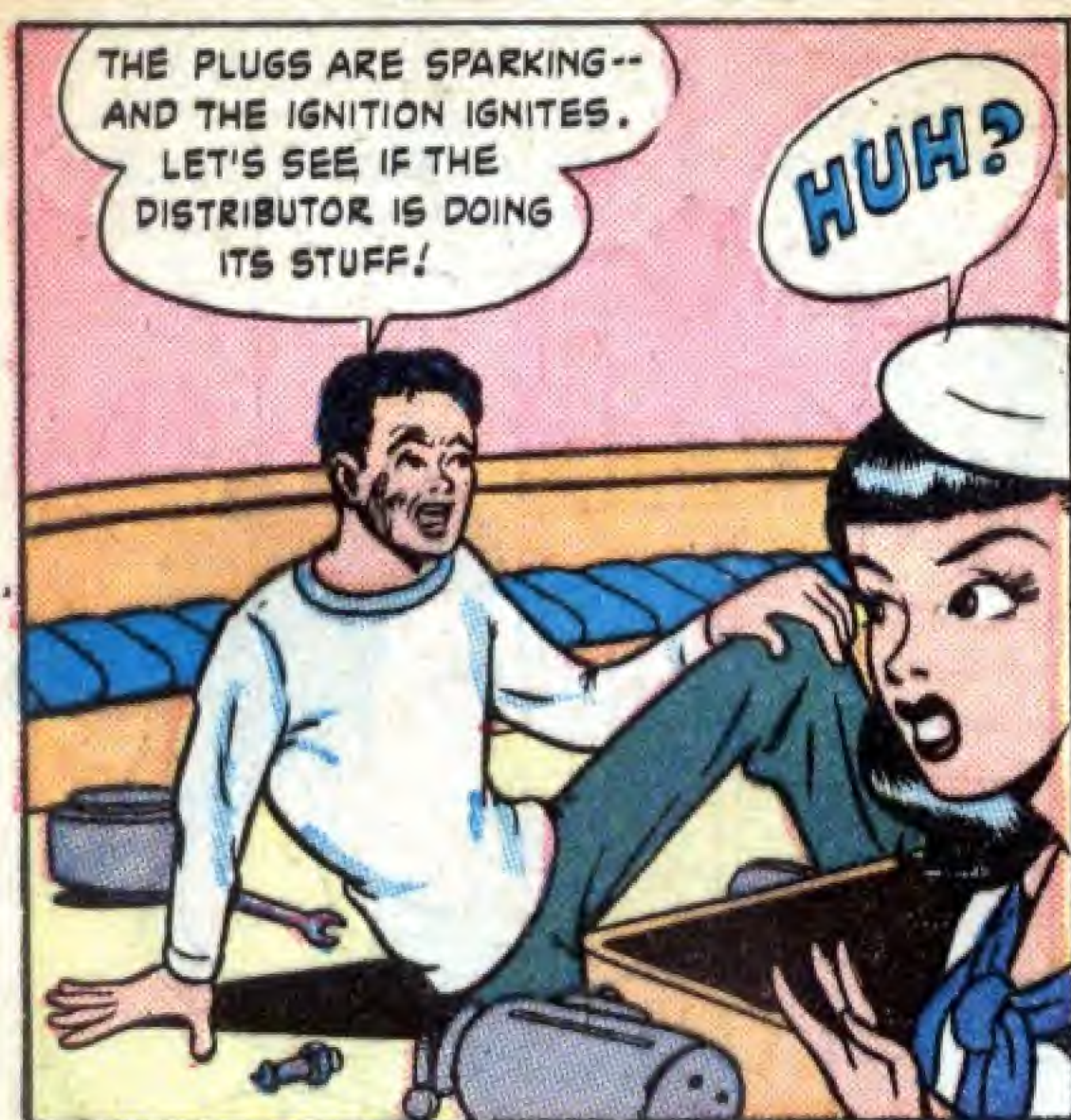
















BAIL FOR YOUR LIVES!  
I OPENED  
THE SEA COCK!



ANY WAY--I MANAGED  
TO CLOSE IT!



AFTER THAT I NEED  
SOMETHING TO EAT.

ME TOO!

I'M  
STARVED!

LEAVE IT TO  
CAPTAIN CURLY.  
I'LL WHIP UP  
SOMETHING FOR  
YOU IN A JIFFY!



THERE'S **NO** FOOD--  
**NOTHING!** NOT EVEN  
A STALE HUNK OF  
HARD TACK!

THEN WE MIGHT AS  
WELL GO ASHORE! A  
FOG-BANK IS BLOWING  
TOWARD US!



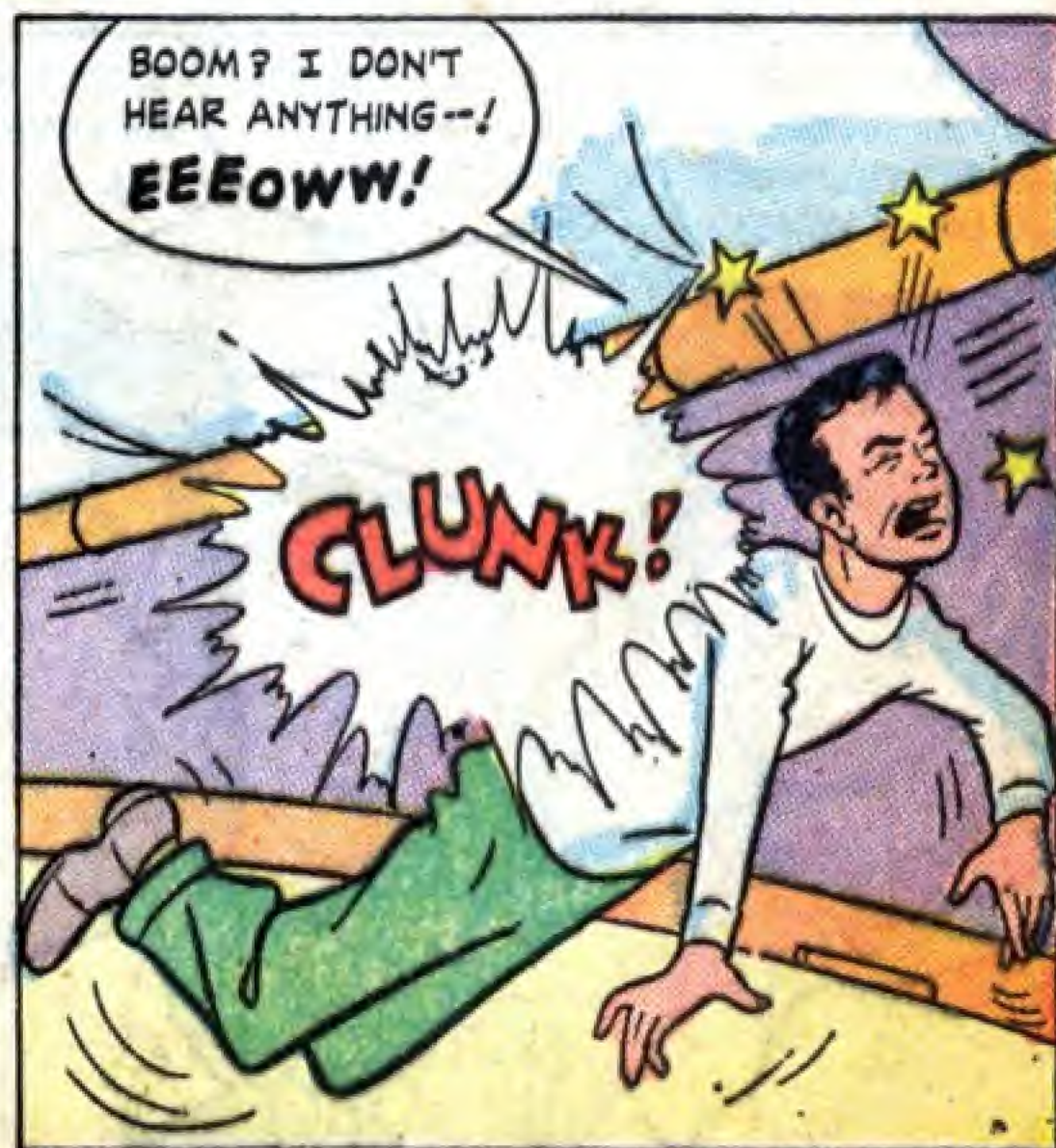
DID YOU SAY BLOWING? WHAT  
ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE CAN  
SAIL TO THRONIC ISLAND  
AND GET SOME REAL FOOD AND  
THEN DANCE TO JOHNNY  
JONES' ORCHESTRA!

YEAHH!



THE SAILS ARE UP  
AND WE'RE ALL SET!

**CURLY!** LOOK OUT  
FOR THE BOOM!



BOOM? I DON'T  
HEAR ANYTHING--!  
**EEEOWW!**

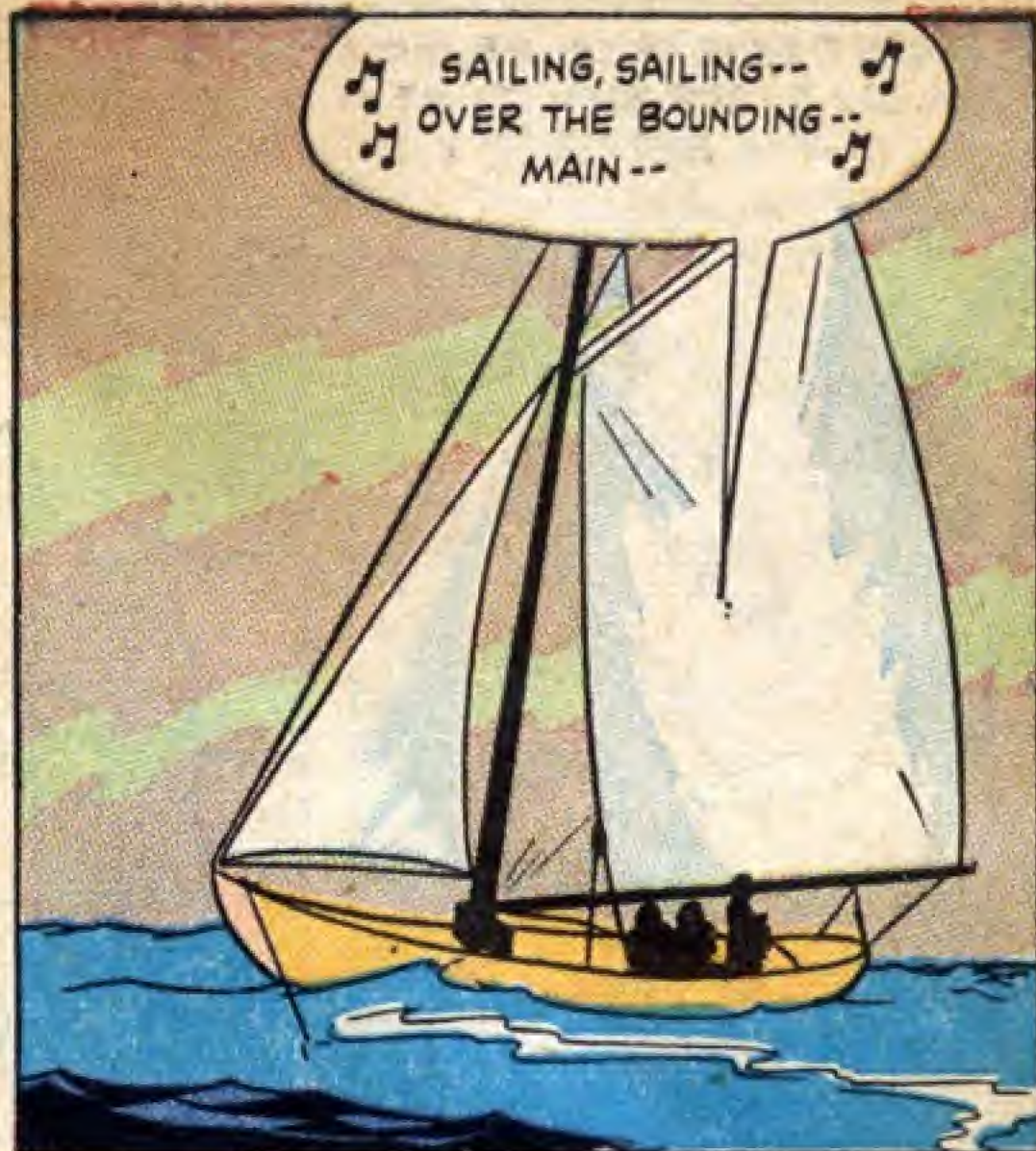
**CLUNK!**





ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? WHAT ABOUT THE FOG?

I'LL SAIL THIS THING BY NAVIGATION! **THAT'S** REAL SAILING!



♪ SAILING, SAILING-- ♪  
♪ OVER THE BOUNDING-- ♪  
♪ MAIN-- ♪



HOURS LATER...

I DON'T SEE IT, CURLY! WE SHOULD'VE FOUND IT LONG AGO! WHAT HAPPENED?

ER--I--I-- WE MISSED THE ISLAND!



WE-- WE MUST BE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN BY NOW-- **GULP--** I GUESS--!

B-BUT-- WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK?



CHEER UP, KIDS! MAYBE AN OCEAN LINER WILL PICK US UP-- I HOPE!

I--I'M SO-- HUNGRY! I'M JUST ABOUT **STARVED!**

I WAS NEVER SO HUNGRY IN ALL MY LIFE!



I JUST REMEMBERED! CURLY BROUGHT ALONG FOUR CHOCOLATE BARS!

YUMMY!

GRAB HIM!









WOOF!  
WOOF!

LISTEN!  
IT MUST BE THE  
BLOODHOUNDS!

IF THEY GET OUR  
SCENT, THEY'LL THINK  
WE'RE ESCAPED  
CONVICTS AND  
TEAR US TO PIECES!  
QUICK! BACK TO  
THE BOAT!



OHH-- IT'S  
BEGINNING  
TO RAIN!

AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE FROM  
THE DOGS! WE'LL STAY HERE  
DURING THE NIGHT, AND  
I'LL SIGNAL FOR HELP IN  
THE MORNING!



I'M SO TIRED--  
AND WET--AND  
HUNGRY--!

I WAS--NEVER-- SO  
MISERABLE IN ALL MY  
LIFE! (SNIFF)

CHIN UP,  
ME HEARTIES! CURLY, THE  
OLD TAR, WILL GET US OUT  
OF THIS IN THE  
MORNING! TRY TO  
SLEEP! I'LL STAND  
WATCH ON DECK!



NEXT MORNING--

CURLY! WAKE UP!  
LOOK! THE DOCK!

WE'RE ONLY  
FIFTY YARDS  
FROM SHORE!



B-BUT-- HOW DID  
WE GET BACK HERE?

WE NEVER  
LEFT HERE!  
YOU'RE NOT  
THE SEA WOLF  
YOU PRETEND!

YOU ONLY  
FORGOT TO RAISE  
THE **ANCHOR**,  
CURLY!



RED HOT FRANKS! YUMMY!  
DON'T FORGET THE MUSTARD,  
JOE!

DIDN'T **YOU** FORGET  
SOMETHING, BETTE?

YOU MEAN CURLY?  
LET'S **ALL** FORGET  
HIM!



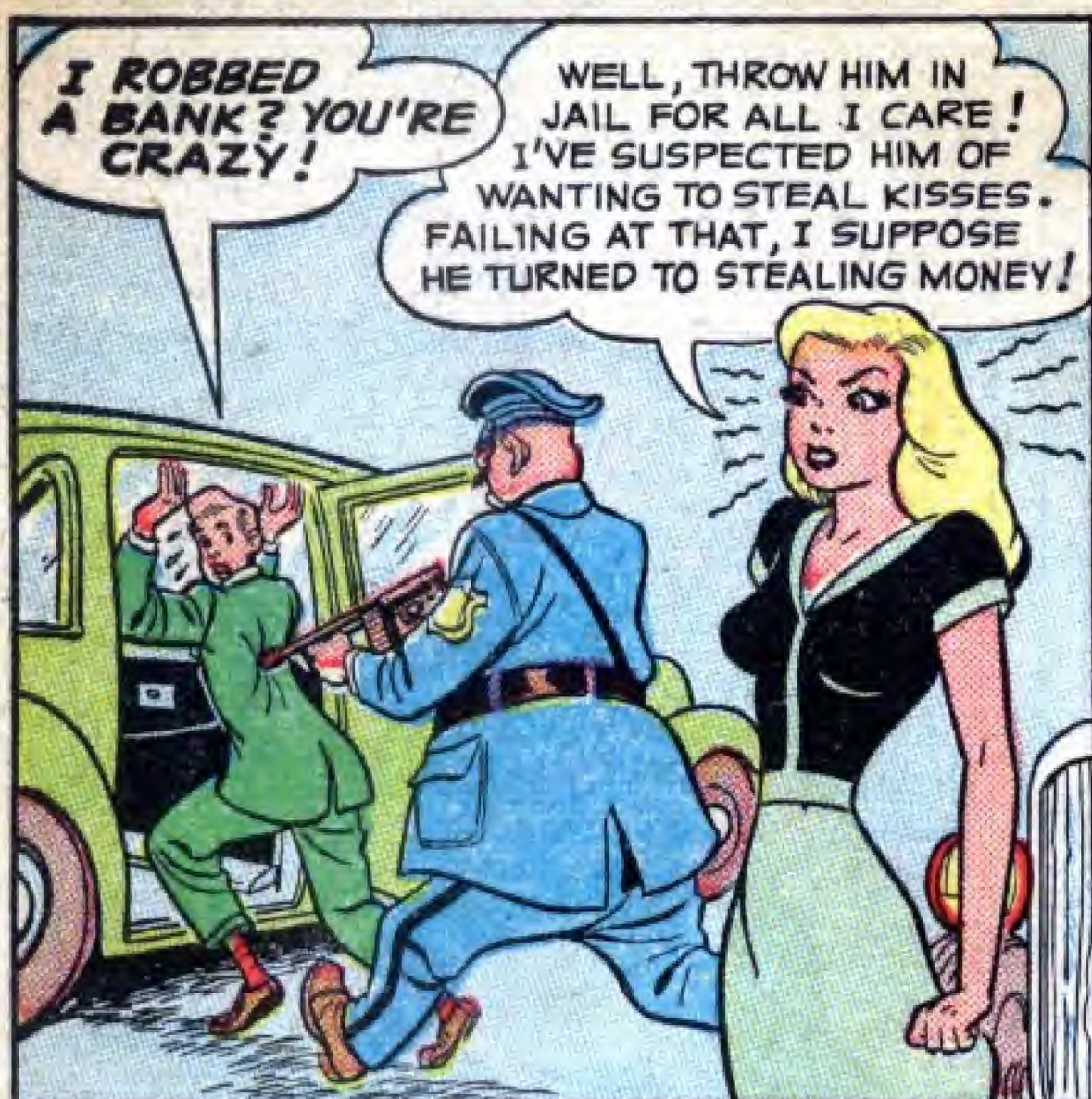
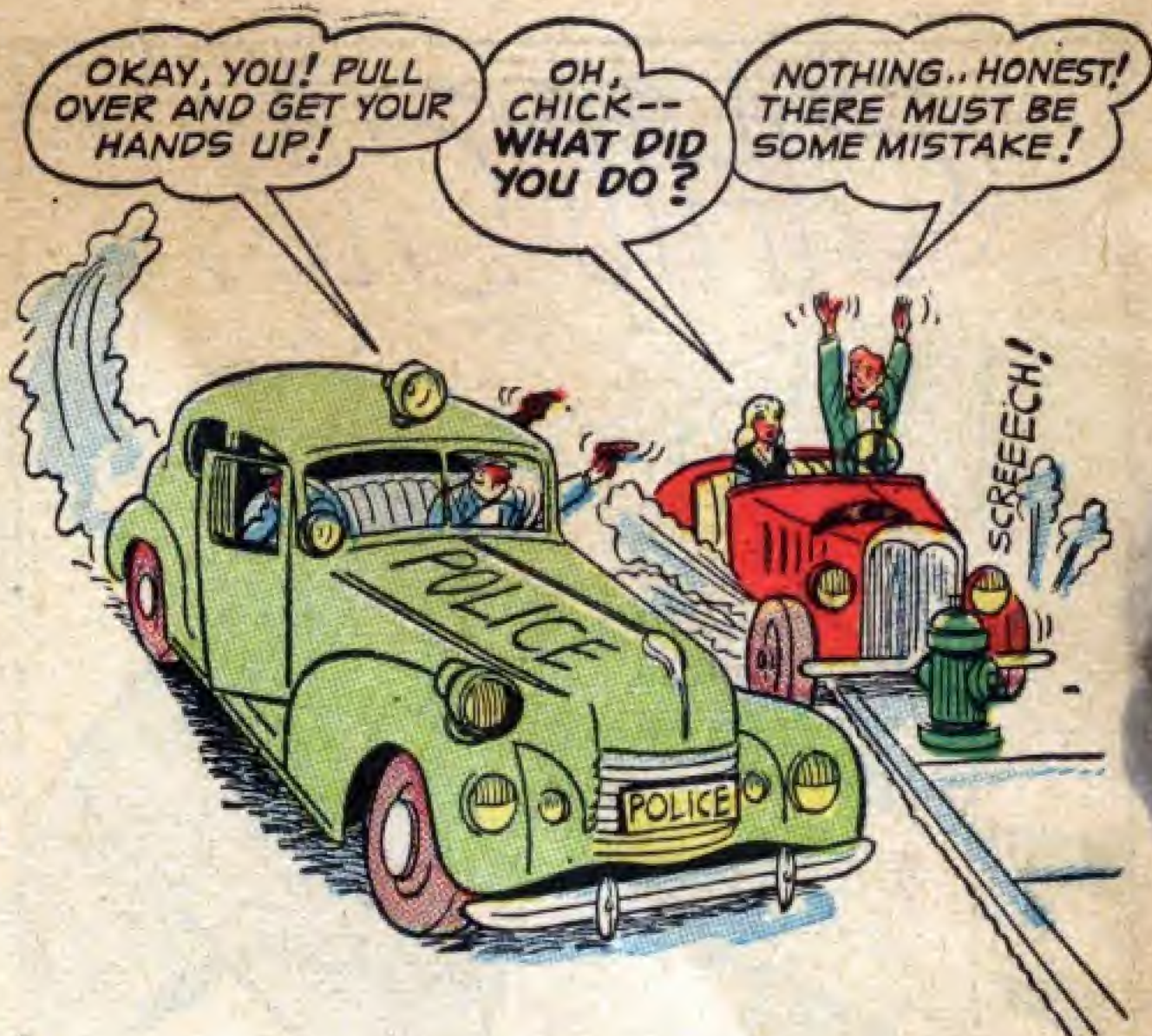
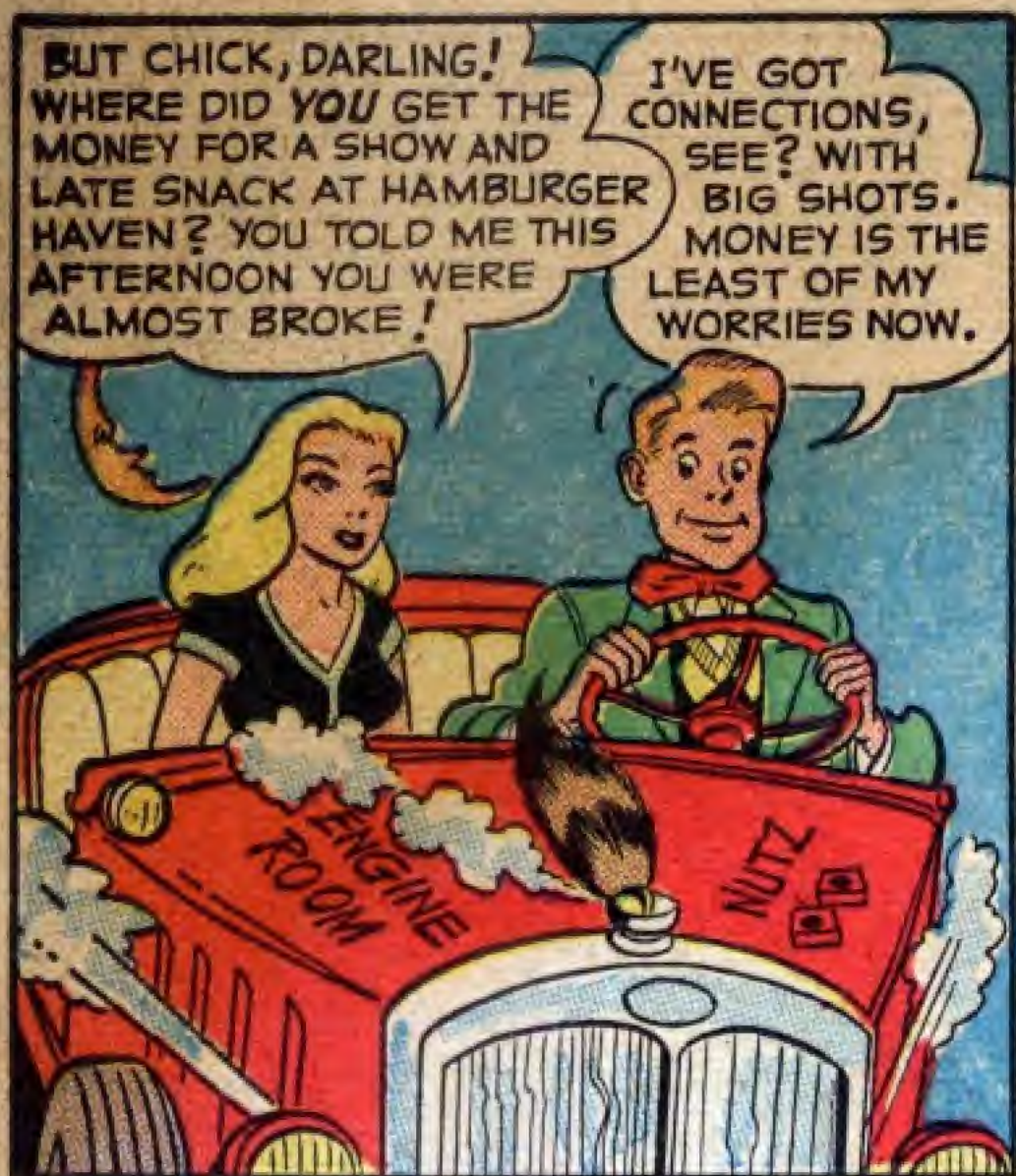
HEY, **BETTE!** **TOBY!**  
**RITA!** DON'T LEAVE ME  
STRANDED LIKE THIS!  
I PROMISE NEVER TO TAKE  
YOU SAILING AGAIN!



# CHICK







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